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Growing Old.

BY LUCY M. GODFREY.

"WHEN shall we be old, mother?"—It is my little boy's question, and he has gone back to the string-harnessed chair, which is just now styled his horse, to forget alike the eager query and the answer, which has no reality for him.

Old age is to him a something afar off, and dim, scarcely more to be understood, than that holy spirit-life into which his little brother's entrance led his childish, curious thought. We cannot tell when or how the words, growing old, shall come home to his heart. Do we know whether they have come worthily to our own? Do we yet realize that we are growing old? We may talk about old age, and think about it, and prepare for it, long before the feeling, that we are beginning to be old, claims a home in our consciousness. Indeed, will not this very preparation, which is usually a distinct thing from the talking or thinking, enable us to welcome it, if it shall come? The guest whom we have invited, and for whom we have made ready, finds us prepared to listen gladly to his counsels, and old age should have sweet and holy teachings for earnest human hearts. But, how shall we prepare for it?

The good housewife, when she would prepare for the chance guest, whom she would delight to honor, keeps every room swept and garnished, every duty promptly done in its time; and thus at length, when he comes, she needs not to make him wait at her door unrecognized. This doing every duty in its season, is just the preparation we require, that we may welcome any experience which the future may bring to us. We need not yet think or talk "of growing old gracefully," if we are ready to cheerfully accept the duties of earlier life. If we grow old naturally, unselfishly, and, as it were, unconsciously, it will certainly be gracefully. A beautiful old age is, to me,

far the most beautiful of our human seasons. When I meet an old man or an old woman, whose old age worthily crowns a beautiful life, the same emotions are awakened, which bless my heart on each of those golden October days which come so rarely, and yet, when they do come, must be acknowledged as the glory of the year.

Are you so fortunate, my reader, as to number among your friends any who may stand to you as an ideal of age? Let me mention to you an interesting old lady, whom I met on the street to-day. I might tell you much of that she has taught me, in the years during which I have been privileged to meet her occasionally, for she *has* taught me, though not in words, since I never heard a homily from her lips.

I know little of her early life, save that it was whispered, when she came to dwell among us, that a great sorrow had sanctified her youth. We looked with a strange reverence and pity, which was more than "akin to love," upon her, as she wore those dark garments we were told had been put on, when she was a young girl, like ourselves, in memory of a loved one who had thus long ago taken his place among the angels. The fact that her past was so little known to us, made it as a sweet poem, commensurate with our holiest imaginings, and her cheerful unselfishness has held the bright ideal in its place, while the years, which have led her gently to a beautiful, honored old age, have robbed us of many a romantic dream of youth, as they have taught us that to *do*, not to *enjoy*, is the aim which brightens life. Ah, she had learned the lesson well before we knew her, and it was, perhaps, because she learned it early, that her life has been so blessed in its silent, unconscious influence. We, who have looked upon her face often, can never recall the wrinkles there, though we suppose that they are there, as we remember that she must have seen more than

seventy summers; but, we readily and gladly recall the crown of silvery hair, which she never conceals, the bright, expressive eyes, and the flashing expressions of interest in us, and interest in others. We can recall, too, the constant tokens of self-forgetfulness and quick sympathies; nor do we forget little gleams of honest, human feeling, which passing events have occasioned. Very likely she was beautiful in her youth, but her face has a higher beauty for us now, a beauty which must be wholly independent of time and death, since it is but the outward expression of the cheerful, consistent, Christian character, which will be for her rich treasure in heaven.

Her life may lecture us, too, by its activity. Not by inaction has she preserved the quick, gliding step, with which she walks our streets, on these cold November days; not by nourishing selfishness and indifference, has she retained the love for goodness and beauty, which make her capacity for happiness even greater than in youth. As we have frequently met her with her little bunch of wild flowers, we have instinctively felt that she loved their frail beauty, not only for itself, but because of the thoughts of her loving Father's care, for the happiness of all his children, that it awakened. We know that she is wont to gather the bright autumn leaves, with as keen a perception of their beauty as the children's; but, while the little ones carelessly throw theirs to the winds again, she, with loving thought for some one's gratification, so skillfully prepares hers, that they are a source of pleasure long after the winter snows have fallen. She knows how and when to utter bright words of encouragement, and to do little, womanly deeds of kindness, which linger gratefully in the memory; and saying, doing, and thinking for the happiness of others, she finds happiness herself.

As Aunt Nancy, it is by privilege, not by right, that we call her thus, has grown old happily and beautifully, may not each of us, if we meet not by the way the solemn Death Angel? Indeed, will not the unselfishness, love of beauty and goodness, unfailing trust in our Heavenly Father, and faith in His promises, which are absolutely necessary to a happy old age, increase the joys of our youth and of our middle age, if we will but make them parts of our characters? They most certainly will, my readers; then, as we realize this, let us try to attain them, and, though we may never reach our ideal, we shall find that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

An Angel.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

THE little child lifted its eyes in dumb amazement. It knew not why it was struck—harshly spoken to, and denied the caresses of love. It did remember a time, young as it was, when loving arms enfolded it. To be thrust forth now into the cold and storm, to be clothed in rags, to be fed upon mouldy crusts, was a new and terrible experience. And the little pauper boy sat down on the curb-stone, and tried to think. His feet were bare, red and cold, but never mind that—the chill air penetrated his ragged garments, but never mind that—he wanted to think. Who were these people passing him, looking so warm and comfortable? What did it mean that they should be happy and cheerful, and he so sad? None of them had such heavy hearts, that he was sure of. He looked up into the cold blue sky. What was it—and who lived up there? Somebody had said once that God would take care of him. Where was God? Why didn't he take care of him? O! if he could only see God for one little minute, or the angel that the good man told him of when his mother died! Did folks ever see God? did they ever see angels?

An organ-grinder came near and took his stand. The melody he played lightened the little boy's heart somewhat, but it didn't warm him—it didn't make him less hungry. He kept shivering in spite of the music, and he felt so all alone! so despairing! Then the organ-grinder passed away—and the people kept thronging by—they never heeded the little child sitting on the curb-stone, they had so many things to think of. The carriages passed by, and the carts, and a company of soldiers—but it was all dumb show to him—he was trying to think, with such a dull pain at his heart. Presently three or four coarse-looking boys gathered behind him, and winked and laughed at each other. In another moment the youngest—a demon at heart, I fear—gave a thrust, and over went that poor little houseless child into the gutter. One scream—one sob of anguish, as he gathered himself up and looked after the boys, now flying away with shouts of mirth. O! how cruel it seemed in them—how cruel! The little hungry boy walked slowly on, sobbing and shivering to himself. He didn't know what he was walking for, or why he was living; he felt out of place—a poor little forlorn spirit that had lost its way—a bruised reed that any one might break—a

little heart so tender that a look was anguish, how much more a blow.

The little boy stood at last near the corner of a street. An apple-stand, at which he gazed with longing eyes, not far off, was tended by a cross-looking old man. There were cakes on the stand, and the poor little mouth of the houseless child watered as he saw one boy after another deposit his penny and take his cake. He had no penny, and though there was hunger in his eyes, the cross-looking old man never offered him a morsel. Perhaps the man did not think. Contact with poverty had made his heart grow hard, and hungry faces were no new sight to him.

The tempter came. The old man's back was turned—a vile boy at his side—at the side of the houseless child—nudged his elbow. "You take one," he whispered, "I'll give you half."

The little child gazed at him steadily. He saw something in the bleared eyes that made him shrink—something that set his heart to beating.

"I tell you, hook one," whispered the boy, "I wont tell, and we'll go away and eat it."

"I don't want to steal," whispered the houseless child.

"O! you fool!" muttered the brutal tempter, and smote him in the eyes, his heavy hand dealing a blow that sent the poor little child against the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. The terrible blow had almost blinded him for a moment—a great sob came up in his throat—oh! what had he done to be treated so? Why didn't God take care of him? There never, *never* was a God, or he would not let him suffer so—and that because he refused to be wicked. I don't believe that ever a man in his deadliest bereavement suffered more than that sad little child. His heart was literally swelling with grief, and though he could not reason about it, he felt as if there was great and sore injustice somewhere.

He started to cross the street. A dark, blinding pain still made his poor temples ring.

"Back—back! Good heavens! the child is under his feet—back—back!"

"O! mamma, it is our horse run over a poor little boy—oh! mamma—mamma!"

"Is he hurt much, coachman?" The woman's face is pale as ashes. "Yes, he is hurt sadly—take him right in—don't wait—carry him right in and upstairs. It was our carelessness—the child shall be attended to."

There is no anguish now. Perhaps God saw he had borne all he could, and so took the poor little broken heart up there, to heal. How

very white and quiet! "O! a sweet face—a sweet, sweet face!" murmurs the woman, bending over the boy, and tears fall upon his forehead—tears—but he does not feel them.

"O! the poor little boy!" sobs Nelly, "the poor little boy. I wish he had kept on the side-walk; I wish he had staid at home with his mother."

Alas! in this world there was no mother to keep him.

The doctor came, said he was not dead, but would very likely die. There was a hospital near; the poor thing had better be sent there. But the good woman would not hear to that. She would care for him herself, she said; he had been injured by one of her horses, and she felt that it was her duty to attend to him. Besides, it was likely that the child had no mother. Such a boy as he, with a face so sweet and girlish, so pure and lovable, would never be sent on the streets, like that, if he had a mother. Besides—and here her tears fell—there was a little mound, not yet green, over just such a child. No, no, it was not in her heart to put the poor wounded boy away. Let him stay—whether he lived or died.

The weary, weary days passed on. One morning the little boy opened his dim blue eyes, but he did not know himself. His glance fell wearily on his hands. There were white bands around his wrists, with ruffles on them. The bed was so snowy white, too, and a crimson light fell over everything.

"Dear God! I am in heaven," murmured the child—"yes, God will take care of me now."

What vision of loveliness glanced forth from the shadow behind the bed? The rich curls fell all around a face of exquisite beauty, the beaming eyes looked love and gladness upon him.

"O! yes—and that is an angel," he said softly. "I am glad. They wont knock me over again—they wont want me to steal apples here—and perhaps I shall never die again. Now I want to see my mother."

"My dear boy, are you better this morning?" asked a low, soft voice.

He turned slowly, wearily.

"Are you better, dear?"

"Is it mother?" he murmured.

"O! yes;" and there were quick sobs and tears; "yes, my little child, I will be your mother, and you shall be my son. Will you love me dearly?"

"Yes, I do love you, mother; is it heaven?"

"Heaven—no, darling, it is earth—but God sent you here, to our hearts, and you shall be loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, and you will be very happy with her. Kiss him, Nelly."

Her rosy lips touched his pale ones, and a heavenly smile lighted up his face. The past was not forgotten, but it was gone. No more mouldy crusts, oaths, harsh words, and blows. No more begging at basement-doors, and looking half famished, to envy a dog gnawing his bone in the street. No more fear of rude children, who never knew where their own hearts laid; no more sleeping on door-steps, and listening in terror to the drunken quarrels of the vicious and depraved.

Yes, the past was gone, and in the rosy future were love—home—even God and the angels. Certainly sweet spirits had guarded that child, and guided him out of seeming evil into positive good. Surely henceforth he would put his hand trustingly in theirs, and turn his face heavenward. Yes, it was so to be. The dear, teachable child, a jewel picked from the mire—a brand snatched from the burning, was yet to illumine the dark paths of this world, with his holy, heaven-like teachings. Like a dove he was to go forth over the waters, and find the olive branch with which to garland his glad tidings. Blessings then on all who hold their arms out toward needy little children, making their homes arks of refuge. Beautiful stars shall they have in their crowns of rejoicing—for surely there is no jewel brighter in all the world, and perhaps in all eternity, than the pure soul of a little child

My Grandmother's Spectacles.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

My grandmother Cloverside—my maternal grandmother—one of your "old-fashioned grand-dames," now verging upon her eightieth year, and consequently not a little antiquated in manner and appearance, but, with all her whims, the dearest old woman in the world, who lives out of town about ten miles, and who visits us twice a year, (when I say *us*, I mean my father's family, of which I am the oldest,) remaining sometimes a week, sometimes two, and who thinks "the world and 'all" of her grandson Algernon, pointing me out, in the blindness of her affection, to my young brothers as a model young man, (much to their disgust, inasmuch as they know "by heart" several leaves of my character, which

my grandmother has never turned,) and who defends me from the charges of my enemies—who expresses an anxious desire to see me "well married," but, at the same time, doubts the existence of my equal, and frowns upon those of my lady friends who are so unfortunate as not to adopt her opinion concerning my many merits—who makes me her confidant, and continually reminds me of the folly of placing confidence in others—who advises me to seek in a wife nothing but good sense, modesty and discretion, united to thrift, and the next moment admires my blue eyes and clear skin—who honors me with a hundred commissions in the course of a year, and endorses my taste and judgment, by compelling me to accompany her to the tradesmen, for the purpose of exchanging the various articles—who is extremely solicitous about my health, and crams some vile compound down my throat, if I forget myself so far as to cough in her presence—my well bred, well dressed, active, cheery, handsome grandmother Cloverside, who carries her seventy-eight years with more spirit and grace than I carry my twenty-eight, I fear, dropped in upon us unannounced, as usual, upon the second of last August, with her parasol in one hand, and an antique reticule in the other.

I said unannounced, as usual—for the dear old lady has a weakness—she imagines she surprises us semi-annually; and we are, as a family, so deceptive, that, although her visits during the last ten years and more, have lain between the twenty-third of December and the second of January, and the first and tenth of August, we manage to look very much surprised, from the head of the family down to Curtis, my three-year-old brother, who renders his "W'y da's g'anmozzar!" very naturally, and with extraordinary force.

My grandmother kissed my mother, my sisters and Curtis, just as she had kissed them twice a year before, and sat down contentedly, following the movements of my sisters, as they carried away her bonnet, parasol and reticule, with a complacent look, and a scarcely perceptible movement of the rocking-chair, which had been placed for her, when I fancied there was something unusual in her appearance. I was so strongly impressed with this thought, that I advanced to my mother's side, and communicated it to her in a low voice. My mother turned around, and, after scanning my grandmother closely for a moment or two, burst into a merry laugh, which drew the latter's attention upon us.

"Well, dears, are you laughing at me? Do you miss my spectacles?"

"That's just it!" I exclaimed, "how stupid I was not to perceive it sooner!"

"What became of your glasses, mother?" queried my mother.

"They met with an accident; Molly tramped upon them." (Molly was her servant, a likely lass of fifty-five, if she was a year.)

"Why, that was careless in Molly—how did it happen?"

"She could'n't well help it," replied my grandmother, as she brought forth her knitting, but immediately put it back again, saying, with a sigh, "I feel lost without them; I can't even knit contentedly. Algernon, I will give them to you to take to Mr. Hines: he can mend them at once for me, and he can hunt out a pair for me to wear, until my own are finished."

"Certainly," I responded, as my grandmother drew from her pocket her spectacle-case, and handed it to me; "certainly," I repeated, as I turned the broken spectacles over in my hand, and remembered former commissions, "I will go down at once."

"Do, Algernon, and be sure he mends them to-day."

I turned the spectacles over and over, clapped them on, pretended to see through them very well, particularly through the right glass, (which was missing,) and ventured to remark:

"It seems to me you might afford a new pair: these are worn out—they must be very old now."

How the old lady opened her blue eyes! I perceived my error at once, and was about to apologize, when she exclaimed:

"You don't know what you are saying, Algernon! Do you know your grand-uncle, Will, gave me those spectacles? He paid ten dollars for them in Boston: that was—let me see—Mary, there, was just three weeks old, and she was born on the second of June—why, it will be just fourteen years, *fourteen years* since your grand-uncle brought them to me from Boston, and I wouldn't part with them for all the jewelry in Mr. Hines' shop, Algernon. Your grand-uncle, Will, went away from us when he was a mere boy, to make his fortune in the great cities over the mountains; (they didn't run to the West then, the young men, as they do now; it was to the cities, and they were pretty much all East,) he was scarcely nineteen; but we never seen his face till he brought a son back with him half a head taller

than himself. After that he came often; and once, when I complained about my poor spectacles, he promised to bring me a pair from home—so, you may know now why I prize them. Will's judgment was very good, and I suppose equal to Mr. Hines', or any jeweler's in the country. But, just look at me keeping you standing here all this time, when you might have been half way to Mr. Hines'."

Of course, I very soon made my way to the jeweler. Mr. Hines examined the broken spectacles carelessly, and, looking up, said:

"I would advise your grandmother to get a new pair, Mr. Barton. These are worn out."

"I ventured to suggest as much myself; but I would advise you to say nothing in disparagement of them," I replied. "They were a present from one of her brothers."

"I understand," he said, with a smile. "In that case, we will have to mend them for the old lady. I suppose she will want a pair to wear until they are mended."

"Yes, that was the understanding." Mr. H. ran over a number of spectacles, and at last handed me a pair of old-fashioned, silver-rimmed glasses, which were evidently gotten up in the days when the metal was abundant, and people's ideas of proportion interfered less with utility than at the present day."

"There, Mr. Barton, is a pair that will just suit her. They were left here by an old gentleman the other day; but, as he went out of town soon afterwards, and will not be back until the beginning of next week, I think I can let her have them for a day or two."

When I returned with the borrowed spectacles, my grandmother declared they suited her charmingly—"they were *almost* as good as her own; but then, it was plain to be seen, that they were made at a time when they knew how to make spectacles; there was no telling but they might be as old as her own."

As usual, my grandmother called upon me to accompany her to several tradesmen and others, with whom she bargained, upon her semi-annual visits to the city. We had accomplished quite an amount of business; I flattered myself we had done more in half a day, than many would have done in a day, and consequently we were both in an exceedingly agreeable mood—my grandmother picking her way with more than ordinary complacency—I with head well up, and highly flattered by the remarks I overheard occasionally, such as—"How attentive that young man is to his mother!" "How kind and thoughtful!" "I wonder who they are;" and only too well

pleased, when I encountered my lady friends entering or departing from the various establishments we visited; all this was food for self-gratulation, when a cloud began to darken the brilliant sky—my grandmother had lost her spectacles—not her own, which would have been bad enough, but the borrowed spectacles, the spectacles that belonged to the gentleman who, in the innocence of his heart, to use my grandmother's language, trusted them in the keeping of Mr. Hines.

"What would Mr. Hines say,—and what the strange gentleman do?" My grandmother paused in the middle of the street, with one hand—that which held her reticule, stretched out—as these thoughts occurred to her rapidly; then stepping into a store, and seating herself complacently, requested my advice.

"You have left them in some of the shops, quite likely," I said; "think,—had you them on, when we were in M—'s?"

"I can't remember; you know we didn't mean to buy there—so I can't say that I had them on then."

"We haven't been buying anywhere the last half hour," I replied, pretending great gayety, and forcing a laugh, adding, "I'll tell you our plan: I'll go home with you, and return to look them up. I'll have no trouble in finding them, I'm sure."

"Well, perhaps, that will be the best way," she replied, after meditating a few moments, and examining her pockets carefully.

"Be sure you look on your head," I said, after she completed her vain search. Up went her hand: no—there was no spectacles there—so we returned home at once, and afterwards I set about hunting up the lost spectacles, beginning at the store we visited last. I visited five retail dry-goods stores, one wholesale, and three trimming stores, in search of my grandmother's borrowed spectacles. I think upon my visit to the last, my features must have borne an extraordinary resemblance to an interrogation point; at least that was my impression at the time. When I entered the ninth store, and inquired for the ninth time, "Have you observed a pair of spectacles—rather old-fashioned—silver—lying about any place?" and when, in reply to my query, a smart young man came forward briskly, with "I know-all-about-it," written on his face, I felt as if a weight had been removed from my shoulders.

"Yes, the old lady laid them down, when she paid for the spools of cotton and ribbons—I'll get them in a minute!" and off he

darted to the end of the counter. The next minute he returned, looking quite red in the face, saying:

"They were there a few minutes ago—I put them there myself; but they ain't there now! I'm sorry—you'll think it very careless; but"—

"What is it, Ed?" demanded a fellow-clerk, interrupting him, as he came forward.

"Why, this gentleman's mother?"

"Grandmother," I interposed, "missed her spectacles here."

"I laid them aside for her; but some one has lifted them."

"O, why old Mrs. Wheeler took them! She noticed them, when I was showing her some silk cord, and put them in her pocket."

"Then there will be no trouble about it, I will go around after them for you," exclaimed the obliging clerk. I, however, would not permit him to be at so much trouble, telling him that I would call on the lady myself, if he would give me her number. He marked it upon a card and handed it to me, with a polite bow, whereupon I took my leave, in search of "No. 909, B— Street."

It was quite a long walk to "No. 909;" but I accomplished the distance in something less than fifteen minutes. A tidy servant answered the bell, and in reply to my inquiry, informed me that Miss Wheeler was "not at home."

"I mean Mrs. Wheeler," I said, determined to remain until I secured the spectacles.

"There must be some mistake—there is no Mrs. Wheeler—only Miss Wheeler," responded the sagacious damsel, "will you leave your card?"

I thought to myself it was possible I had misunderstood the clerk—perhaps he said Miss, but it certainly sounded like Mrs.; however, what was there to prevent an old maid from wearing spectacles? True, just then I found it difficult to recall one that did; but the thing was possible.

"No!" I replied, as I turned away, "I will call in the evening; doubtless she will be at home then?"

"I suppose so, sir," responded the servant, with a smile dimpling her cheeks, and which suggested a train of thought half amusing, half annoying, as I retraced my steps. "Was Miss Wheeler very old, and very rich; and did the minx imagine I was for sale—had one eye on her mistress' money-bags, and the other on her mistress? Or had I made one of my blunders again? had I called at the wrong number, as usual! No! there was "909," as plain as

pencil could shape it. However, what did I care? if I could only obtain the spectacles. But of course I would experience no trouble in obtaining them."

When I reported to my grandmother, at the supper-table, she affected to make light of the whole matter; but I knew she would feel uneasy until the spectacles were back in her possession again. Upon my part, I was actuated by praiseworthy motives to relieve her from suspense. I reflected that I had accepted the loan of a pair of spectacles, which belonged to a total stranger, which in all probability my grandmother would never have permitted herself to do, inasmuch as she only made use of them after the most urgent solicitation on my part. After prevailing upon her to use them, now that they were lost, or mislaid, it behooved me to do all that lay in my power towards restoring the dear old lady to tranquillity.

It was with such thoughts as these that I hastened to No. 909, B—— street, the moment I rose from the supper-table. The servant I had met in the afternoon responded to my ring; and, in answer to my question, informed me that her mistress was at home, but very sick; however, if I had any message to send up, she would be pleased to convey it. The emergency demanded action: I tore a leaf out of my memorandum-book, and scribbling hastily upon it:

"MADAM: I learn from one of Mr. Trimmer's clerks, that you lifted a pair of spectacles from Mr. Trimmer's counter to-day, imagining them to be your own. Will you be so kind as to send them down by the servant to

"Your humble servant,

"ALGERNON BARTON."

I handed it to the domestic, who immediately darted out of sight. The servant was absent long enough to have made a pair of spectacles, if she had understood the business. I looked around the parlor carelessly, yawned drearily, then gradually became interested in its appointments, and at last rose to my feet, the better to examine the various specimens of virtue which surrounded me, satisfied that Miss Wheeler possessed exceeding rare taste.

I was standing before a remarkable picture—a child recoiling from a snake, which had thrust its head downwards suddenly through a heavy grape vine, just at the moment the child had put forth its plump hand to grasp a cluster of the purple fruit. A something in the face of the child fascinated me: I found it impossible to look at anything else in

the apartment afterwards, but stood before this picture breathlessly, forgetting my whereabouts, my grandmother's spectacles, and everything else; I could only think of the masterpiece before me, when I was aroused by the entrance of the servant, who came forward demurely, and handed me a neat parcel, and a dainty envelope, requesting me to open the latter. Obeying her, I read the following:

"SIR: Will you be so kind as to wait, until you reach home, before you open the accompanying parcel?"

"ANNIE WHEELER."

"Tell your mistress," I said, as I crumpled the note up, and put it in my pocket, "that I will only be too happy to obey her directions."

"Yes, sir," responded the servant, with a finger over her mouth, as she closed the door after me. Hastening home rapidly, I encountered my sister Hattie at the door, in company with a friend, Miss Ainslie, whom madam rumor had married me to at least half a dozen of times.

"Just in time, Al!" exclaimed my sister, "we are going to Pearson's."

"One moment!—only permit me to hand grandmother!"

"O, you have got them!" Hattie interrupted, "she was just wondering what kept you so long!"

Escaping from her as soon as I could, I hastened to put my grandmother in possession of the borrowed spectacles, forgetting, in my hurry, Miss Wheeler's singular request, else I most assuredly would have opened the parcel privately, ere it found its way into my grandmother's hands. However, with Miss Ainslie waiting at the door, and my desire to gratify the old lady, I had no time to think of anything else—but, walking into the sitting-room, threw the parcel in my grandmother's lap, exclaiming:

"I hope you will find something there that will please you, grandmother."

At that moment Hattie, accompanied by Miss Ainslie, followed me into the room, doubtless led thither out of curiosity, more than for the purpose of congratulating the old lady upon the recovery of the lost property. My father looked up from his paper calmly, my mother halted in her sewing, and peered over her spectacles thoughtfully, and the remainder of the family forgot their amusements for the moment, while awaiting the opening of the parcel by my grandmother, whose hands trembled slightly, as she untied the cord slowly, and

exposed to our view a pair of immense leather spectacles!

My grandmother stared down at the limp leather with compressed lips, then looked directly in my eyes, as she held them out in one hand. My mother smiled faintly, and the remainder of the group, with the exception of my father, burst out into a peal of merry laughter, which my father suddenly cut short.

"Algernon, I am surprised! Hereafter, select some one else, when you forget yourself so far as to descend to such childish pranks."

"It is no prank of mine!" I retorted quickly, stung by his manner, and growing restless, under my grandmother's steady gaze. "I know nothing about it; had I known what was in the parcel, I would have!"

"Stay! here is something that will explain it!" exclaimed my sister Hattie, as she lifted a slip of paper from the floor, and began to read aloud:

"Miss Wheeler presents her compliments to Mr. Barton, and begs leave to indulge the hope that the accompanying article will assist his vision in future. Although her appetite has failed her of late, (during the summer months,) she still retains her eyesight unimpaired; nevertheless, she flatters herself that she is not altogether void of sympathy for those who may not be so fortunate as herself in this respect; witness the proof."

During the reading of this, my father's muscles relaxed visibly, and my mother bit her lip unwittingly, while the rest darted mischievous glances upon me; even Miss Ainslie was guilty of smiling in my face; but, when Hattie laid the paper down before me, a second burst of laughter filled the room. This time my father gave the signal: dropping his paper, and clapping his hands to his sides, he yielded himself up to unrestrained laughter, laughing, like my mother, and, indeed, like all the rest, except my grandmother, until their eyes were brimming with tears.

Even Curtis caught up the cry, "Alger's dotze lezzor speck'les!"

"Who—who is Miss Wheeler, Algernon?" queried my father, when he was able to control himself.

"Yes, that's the question, Algernon; who is she?" demanded my mother, as she wiped her eyes, and bent a quizzical look upon me.

"It's the sack he's got, isn't it?" inquired my little sister Kate.

"No! don't you see they're specks!" exclaimed my brother Robert, a lad of twelve, as

he made a movement towards them; but my grandmother, recovering the use of her tongue suddenly, met him with a decided rebuff.

"They don't belong to you, child! What do you want with them?" she demanded, as she concealed them in her lap, preserving a grave face the while.

"Never mind, Robert," said my father, in a consoling tone, "if you take pattern after your brother Algernon, you'll get a pair of your own some day."

"There is some secret here," said my sister Hattie, turning upon me suddenly, "Miss Wheeler!—Wheeler!—Do you know a Miss Wheeler, Clara?"

I gave Miss Ainslie an imploring glance. She reflected a moment, before she replied: "I am acquainted with several of that name—but I shall give you no information concerning any one of them—Mr. Barton is sufficiently punished already, I think—but, will we not be late, Hattie?"

How cleverly she extricated me! Give me a woman of tact. As I passed out of the hall-door with them, a minute afterwards, my glance fell upon my grandmother, the last glimpse I had at her that night. She was sitting bolt upright in her chair, gravely inspecting the leather spectacles.

While we were at Pearson's, I took advantage of a favorable opportunity, to inquire if Miss Ainslie had any idea who it was, that had presented me with the leather spectacles.

"Seriously, she had not: she knew a Miss Annie Wheeler, who lived in the city; but then Annie, although full of life and frolic, was too much of a lady to descend to such a prank as that! Was I not acquainted with the lady myself? She was *sure* I was!"

"Indeed, I never met her in my life, that I am aware of," I replied; and, thereupon, I related the facts as they occurred, only concealing the name of the establishment where I received the lady's address, the name of the street, and the number of the house.

"It is very amusing, to be sure," said my companion, when I had done; "but I think the lady was too severe, and, considering you were a perfect stranger, altogether too bold"—a speech that exactly reflected my own sentiments.

When I was alone, I examined the handwriting of Miss Annie Wheeler, hoping to detect something crabbed in it, but it was remarkably easy and smooth—for a lady's: in fact, I found myself admiring, where I had hoped to find fault. Yes, Miss Wheeler used

her pen gracefully and freely, at my expense. Upon the following morning, when we were seated at the breakfast-table, my father inquired if I intended to resume my search for the lost spectacles—to which I replied, that, until they were found, I would never think once of giving up the search, no matter if I had to climb over a *stack* of leather spectacles at every corner. My mother, as well as my grandmother, who now understood the matter fully, commended my spirit, and urged me to persevere.

My first visit was paid to Mr. Trimmer's establishment, where I pounced upon the clerk who had given me the number of *Mrs. Wheeler's* house, with, "Do you know you directed me to the wrong number yesterday, sir?"

"I don't understand. O! yes, I remember now. Why, no! I gave you the right number; 909, B—— Street."

"There is a blunder somewhere," I replied, a little shaken by his positive manner; but, determining to sift the matter, subjoined, "it appears there is a *Miss Wheeler* at No. 909; but"——

"Then, I'm entirely wrong—entirely, sir; I was *sure* old *Mrs. Wheeler* lived there!" interrupted the young man, with a rising color, adding, hastily, "will you permit me to send around for the spectacles?"

I confess my accommodating spirit was dying out: I acquiesced, and the clerk wrote a few words hastily upon a piece of paper, and handed them to one of the errand-boys, giving him the necessary directions to find *Mrs. Wheeler*.

I was *sure* *Mrs. Wheeler* lived there,—they both deal here; one lives on B—— Street—the other on K—— Street; but I have sent you to the niece's, thinking I was directing you to the aunt's; I don't know when I have made such a blunder!"

I assured him that it was of no consequence whatever, and the moment the errand-boy returned with the spectacles, took my leave, calling upon Mr. Hines, on my way home, for the purpose of exchanging them. Fortunately, my grandmother's were mended; and, when I placed them in her hands ten minutes afterwards, the old lady smiled upon me so affectionately, that I forgot, for the time, how much ridicule they had cost me.

Those "leather spectacles!" they were my horror. I am not naturally sensitive—certainly not a coward; and yet, I fled from the presence of my little brothers the moment "*Leather specs!*" fell from their lips. Perhaps

it would have been better for me had I explained the matter when the first laugh was raised; however, after betraying the white feather, I found it impossible to assume insensibility. During the week that followed I was obliged to submit to ridicule in a hundred forms. Even my mother, generally quiet and sedate, smiled maliciously at times, and my father suddenly evinced an interest in the leather market; my sister Hattie hinted at optical illusions, and the whole family discussed with much spirit, but little knowledge of science, and an indiscriminate application of technical terms, the various diseases which afflict the human eye. My grandmother alone frowned, (when I was present,) but she found herself, for once, unable to defend me from what was becoming almost too broad for pleasantries. In the meantime, I obtained possession of the suggestive spectacles, intending to return them to the fair manufacturer.

Matters were in this state when my friend Oldhammer, a gay, dashing blade, as ever served a lady, invited me to a party gotten up by himself and sister, with whom I was unacquainted, but whom rumor said was as great a favorite with the gentlemen as her brother was with the ladies. Of course, I went. The company were assembled when I arrived at Col. Oldhammer's; but I managed to catch Oliver's eye at the entrance, and with a slight motion brought him to my side.

"You are late, Al! my sister has given you up," he said, as we stood in the shadow of a door.

"I perceive some strange faces in there," I replied.

"Yes; you will have an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with some of the finest women in the country. We have the L—— sisters, and Miss K——, rare poetesses, all of them, whom you have been dying to see the last six months; besides——"

"Who is that?" I inquired, interrupting his nonsense, as my attention was attracted to a young lady with a singularly fresh and handsome face, and a remarkably natural manner, who approached us at that moment. As I spoke, I caught his arm, drawing him back, thinking the lady intended to leave the room; but as she passed the door I subjoined,

"That is one of your poetesses, doubtless?" Oliver gave a little laugh.

"Yes; but not so much a poetess as a wit. That is *Miss Wheeler*."

"Wheeler!"

"Yes, and the handsomest woman in the

house—but an icicle," he added hastily, and in a bitter tone, that conveyed much more than he intended. "Shall I introduce you?"

"No! no! I'll tell you what I wish you would do—I have a motive, Oliver—manage to introduce me after awhile under the name of—no matter—any name that occurs to you. I will tell you some time again; not now," I replied to his inquiring look. "Will you oblige me?"

"Certainly; only remember——"

"I assure you, I shall not forget my position, nor my friend's honor, for a moment."

"I am well aware of that," he replied, as he led the way into the drawing-rooms, where he announced me as "Mr. Barton," in an ordinary tone, and which doubtless sounded to my friends like Barton, inasmuch as they exhibited no surprise upon hearing the announcement. Afterwards Oliver introduced me to Miss Wheeler as Mr. Hartung, when I had an opportunity to set myself right upon a very important matter. Briefly I was convinced that Miss Wheeler was a lady in the true sense of the word; in fact, I was so much charmed with her grace, good sense, and beauty, that I sighed when Miss Oldhammer led me away from her.

And this was the woman who presented me with a pair of leather spectacles! Impossible! I said to myself. There must be some mistake.

I accompanied Miss Wheeler home: her name was Annie, and she lived at No. 909 B—Street! When I turned away from the door my hand moved involuntarily toward the pocket in which I had placed her present that morning. The leather spectacles brought me back to my senses. I dreamed that night that I attended a gay party, where I heard the voice and silvery laugh of Annie Wheeler, who always appeared to be close beside me; but a pair of immense leather spectacles prevented me from seeing her.

Upon the following day I enclosed the spectacles in an envelope, and calling at 909, handed it to the servant, with the accompanying note:

"Mr. Barton returns, with his thanks, the accompanying spectacles to their accomplished and benevolent manufacturer. He has given them a fair trial, but honesty compels him to say that they have not assisted his vision; on the contrary, he thinks they have prevented him from seeing Miss Wheeler in as favorable a light as he could have wished."

Two days passed. My grandmother returned

home, and my brothers began to tire of teasing me. At the end of the second day I received a dainty note, with a superscription that caused my heart to palpitate as I opened the envelope. It was from Miss Wheeler, and—however, I will let it speak for itself.

—, Aug. 10th, 18—.

SIR:—I desire to explain the manner in which I was led to commit the unfortunate blunder which places me in such an unfavorable light. When my servant brought up your note, I never supposed for a moment that any other than Mr. Trimmer, who is my cousin, and an incorrigible joker, was the framer of the, to me, singular request. I confess I was mortified, and no little pained, upon learning the truth yesterday, by the merest chance, from my aunt. That it was simply an awkward blunder, and one that has caused me very much annoyance, I trust to your generosity to accept this as an evidence, and the only proof I have to offer.

"ANNIE WHEELER.

"TO MR. ALGERSON BARTON."

That very evening I called upon Miss Wheeler, not as Mr. Hartung, but as Algernon Barton. The leather spectacles, bless them! I was immeasurably indebted to them for sweeping away, at one stroke, all the barriers which Fashion has interposed to prevent familiar intercourse. What a stride we made in friendship in one short evening; and how merrily we laughed over the leather spectacles!

That was on the tenth of August, and before the New Year comes in Miss Wheeler will have exchanged her name for that of Barton. What my grandmother Cloverside will say I am sure I cannot tell, for as yet the matter is a profound secret; but if my marriage displeases her, (which I am inclined to place in the list of impossibilities,) I will remind her that it was brought about solely by her spectacles.

OLD MAIDS.—Many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "old maid." In short, we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of an "old maid."—*Family Mirror*.

We are Growing Old.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

WE are growing old. Every moment we are receding from earth and approaching eternity; every hour is a knell of warning; every year a mile-stone on our approach to the grave. We may be young now, the fire of youth may sparkle in our eyes, the hue of health and strength tinge our cheeks; our footsteps may be firm and elastic; but it will not be always so; for we are growing old. How are we growing old? Does our mental growth keep pace with our physical? Are we increasing in knowledge and goodness as we pursue our journey? Are we leaving any waymarks of purity and truth to guide the travelers who may journey after us? Remember, our footprints upon the sands of time can never be effaced; they leave an enduring impression; whether for good or evil, God will judge us. No man or woman can slide through the world so easily that they will exert no influence, waken no responsive chord in the hearts of others. The man with hands dyed deep in sin, with heart polluted with unnumbered vices, exerts an influence, a fearful influence. The woman who pursues the same round of sin and folly, is a sight at which celestial spirits might shudder and shrink back aghast, so powerful is her influence for evil. The propounder of false doctrines, those who in any way encourage any sin or disgrace which may spot our land, (even if they do not participate in that sin by action,) will be answerable to a just God for the words they have uttered, the influence they exert upon the world. On the other hand, we have men and women of lofty intellects, and pure aspirations, who are doing all they can to stem the tide of sin and error which is flooding our land, leaving its desolating mildew on the hearts of thousands. And they are all growing old. The man of sin grows more hardened, more insensible to the stirrings of his conscience as he verges toward the grave. He is growing old in sin, while the seeker of purity and truth is ascending in the scale of light and knowledge. And they both have their train of followers. One with bloated cheeks, bleared eyes, and loathsome presence, welcome with fear and anger gray hairs and unbecoming wrinkles, because they warn them of a future existence, an existence for which they are entirely unprepared. With good spirits they can have no affinity, yet, strange as it may seem, they shrink from the thought of companionship with those who are only like themselves. The souls who have performed well their mission upon earth, in prospect of that existence, are singing anthems of joy, for they have grown old in goodness, and feel that death is but an open door at which they may lay down the wrinkles and deformities of earth, pass through into a more beautiful existence, and become young again. We are growing old—everything around us betokens the fact; we mark the falling of the sere leaf, the flowers taking leave of us one by one, and giving place to others. The sweet-voiced spring, the golden-hued summer, join with the sighing winds of autumn to bid them farewell. Passing away, is written on every leaf which stirs on the forest trees, on every flower which lifts its head in the sunshine, on every ripple which dances across the waters, on every breeze which fans our brows at noonday—but more plainly, more forcibly, on the physical form of man; and yet this, perhaps, of all other changes, is the most unheeded. We gather with care the seed of the faded flowerets, we secure the bulbs and roots from the frosts of winter—why? Because we wish them to live again. We could not welcome spring-time with a song of gladness if it did not bring us flowers. Ah, yes! and Nature, too, watches over her choicest treasures; she nourishes the little seeds far down in the bosom of earth, protects the roots of tiny shrub or forest tree, enlisting even the snow, (Winter's own child,) in the work. Snow flake after snow flake descends to aid in protecting what, was it more rudely exposed, they would deprive of life. Suppose that the operations of nature were reversed, that there was no provision made for the protection of shrub or tree; that blight and desolation would visit all the adornings of earth—how many tears would fall, how many lovely impressions be lost; how many hearts, now seemingly insensible to the beauties of nature, would mourn over earth's desolation. Yet we are not like the flowers and trees—we are immortal; we possess a germ within us which can never die, (how any one can doubt this while watching the operations of his own heart, and nature around him, I cannot imagine,) and it is necessary that this germ be tended with care, and made ready for a new planting. The state of the soil in which our minds, our spirits, are transplanted, will depend upon their cultivation here. It would not be well to place the mind where it would have no affinity, among plants of a far richer and larger growth, whose branches, spreading and interlacing

above it, would keep the sunbeams from penetrating to its hidden recess; alas! so situated, it would soon droop, wither, and die. Why should we mourn that we are growing old? We forget that the beauties of earth are but a shadowing forth of things more glorious, that each step we take brings us nearer the Spirit-land, where our facilities for acquiring knowledge shall be far greater, and where we shall drink from the fountain of eternal youth. Why should we mourn that we are growing old, if our minds keep pace with the footsteps of time, if we are preparing to meet that change which is the lot of all mortals? As we look around us the different stages of life are visible. The laughing, prattling child, the blooming youth and maiden, the man of maturer years, the elderly and the aged—all journeying toward the grave! Sweet is the morning of childhood, joyous the season of youth, gorgeous the noon-day of maturer years—and yet, 'tis to the evening of life that we must look for calmness and rest; it is then that we can enjoy all the pleasures of the past without its toil; it is then (if we have lived pure and useful lives) that we can see the bridge of death spanned, as it were, with flowers. Beautiful are silver hairs, shadowing a peaceful, soul-lit countenance. Beautiful is the lesson which old age teaches us, and may we who are young take that lesson to our hearts, and plant our footsteps on the track of time so carefully, that the voice from the halls of the future will not cause us one heart pang. *We are growing old!*

BROOKVILLE, IOWA.

When I was Eighteen.

BY CECIL HAMILTON.

Now it is October. It was a delicious June morning, full of singing birds and blossoming roses, when in the cool parlor of my father's house, a few white rose-buds in my hair, and sunshine and fragrance coming through the open window, I was married to Sydney Marshall. So all these summer months I have been a happy wife—happy in his love—who is to me nearer than all others, and dearer.

It is tea-time now, and I am waiting for him to come home, sitting on the piazza, looking down the long elm-shaded street, for I can tell him a great way off. A year ago, I used to cast quick furtive glances down the street, when twilight came, and the shadows began to thicken—for I dared not allow, even to myself, that I was watching for anybody in particu-

lar—but now I can watch for, and welcome home, "with no one to molest or make me afraid."

I never had very exalted ideas of the felicity of "love in a cottage," possessing, as I always did, quite an affection for the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of this "present life;" but I have now a realizing sense of the truth gained by actual experience, that two persons, who really love each other, and have taken each other "for better or worse," can be happy in something less than a free-stone mansion—and if the worse come to worst, as it has in my case—manage to exist quite comfortably in a story and half cottage. I wish you could see our house, it is an old-fashioned one, set in the midst of gray old trees, (it has been in the Marshall family many years; Sydney was born in it.) We had it rejuvenated somewhat, outside and in, when we were married. It is a low, rambling building, with plenty of room—a wide hall runs through the middle, opening at the back into a wilderness of apple trees, currant bushes, and cinnamon roses; on each side of the hall are old-fashioned, square parlors, one opening into the breakfast-room, and the other into the pleasantest of all rooms, half library, half sitting-room—and that is *our home*.

It is furnished very simply, and so comfortably—a stuffed lounge—that is, one in reality—a large rocking-chair, and my little sewing-chair—Sydney's table and writing-desk—my work-stand—a large book-case fills nearly one side; on the opposite wall are a few choice engravings, and a Holy Family in oil—my birds hang in the bay-window, which is nearly filled with plants—geraniums, fuschias, myrtles, and the moss-rose he gave me—and the sunlight coming in among the leaves and blossoms, falls in broken rays on the carpet.

As I have said before, this is "our room"—only choicest friends are admitted here. I sit and work, and study here during the day, and, when night comes on, and Sydney returns, weary with the day's duties, (for he is not a rich man, and has to be diligent in business,) here is where he rests. I sew, while he reads to me, or he lies on the lounge, and sometimes falls asleep, and I kiss his white forehead, and thank God for the love which makes my life beautiful. Sometimes, while I sit by his side, and listen to his soft breathing, pictures of my past-life rise before me, and one by one fade away again. I am not yet very old, yet, as I look back through the years of my girlhood, I seem to have lived a long time—I have had much happiness and some sorrow—but I can

see that Infinite Love has ever been around me; that One who never "makes mistakes," ever leads me on His own right way.

Two years of mingled joy and grief come oftenest to my mind; I had occasion to-day, to go to a bureau drawer that I seldom open, and there I saw all that remains of those years—a miniature—a little golden brown hair, a package of letters, and an old journal, commenced when I was only seventeen.

Now, while sitting here in the soft glow of this October sunset, waiting for my dear husband, my thoughts wander away to my *dead love*, lying with clasped and pulseless hands, beneath the bustle and stir of a great city, heeding not the battle of life fiercely waging above his resting-place; and that I may lay more fully and entirely to my heart the blessed truth, that from out the darkness Our Father sends, ever cometh light, I will transcribe that girlish record of glad and sorrow-laden days:—

June 6th, 185—. What a lovely day! I wonder if the sun knows it is my birth-day, and shines the brighter in honor of it! How happy my life has been! It is so blessed to live in this world, full of birds and flowers and sunshine, and so many to love me. I suppose there is trouble and sorrow in it, but it doesn't seem as if I shall ever have any; I have always been so happy. Old people seem more fit to bear trouble than young people. I know some who have outlived all their friends, and yet they seem patient and submissive. I can't realize that I shall ever be *old*,—and yet I must be, or die young. What should I do, if any one I love dearly should die? Death and the *grave*! The very words make me shudder. I wish I were a Christian, for they say real Christians have no fear of death, and call it "going home." How happy Mary Mills was when she was sick; she said, "I have no more fear of dying, than to go out of this room into another; I am going to my Saviour;" and died with such a sweet smile on her face. But it is nearly sunset, and I must dress for my birth-day party—my first party; I do hope it will be a nice one. I wonder if John Leigh will be there.

June 7th. My head aches to-day, and I am so tired. I am glad parties don't come every night—still, it was such a delightful one—the rooms so light, and the flowers so fragrant; nearly all the girls wore cool evening dresses, and everybody looked well, and I looked well, too, at least everybody said so, till I got almost tired of hearing: "How well you are looking

to-night, Miss Helen." I said *everybody*—there was one exception—John Leigh never compliments, never flatters; he only looked steadily at me with those great brown eyes, and said:

"I wish your birth-days might all be like this, full of light and gladness."

Then he walked away, and did not come near me again for a long time; but, once or twice I looked up, and met that steady, serious gaze again. John Leigh isn't like the other young men.

June 20th. I have been wondering to-day, if I ever shall be a woman—a true woman—of warm, earnest, heart-cultivated intellect, and fervent, religious soul, and often have vague dreams and ideas of what a woman may be; but I would

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

I cannot bear to become a common-place young lady, who sings a little, plays a little, reads a little, murders a little French, dresses a good deal, talks nonsense a good deal, and flirts the rest of the time; and yet I don't know but I am getting to be such an one. I am ashamed often, after an evening spent in company, when I think of the very little good sense I have shown, compared with the amount of silliness I have displayed. I know there is a life in earnest; I wish I could find my way into it.

I wonder if I should be happier and more useful, if I were a Christian.

July 1st. It has been such a hot, sultry day. This cool evening air is so refreshing; how still everything seems, as if earth were listening to the music of the stars! Now and then, the silence is broken by the "good night" chirp of some mother robin, as she settles herself to sleep with her little ones.

I went to-day to see the poor family mother heard of yesterday. They are dreadfully in want; the mother hardly able to move with the rheumatism; the father evidently far gone in consumption. I feel out of place in such a scene; I want to do or say something, but lack the faculty. I carried them something to relieve their most pressing necessities; but true charity does not consist in mere giving.

While I was there, John Leigh came in; I was surprised to see him, for young men seldom fancy such places; however, he seemed much more at ease there than I did—in a few minutes quieted a crying child—(it happened to be clean—I cannot abide dirty children)—and then commenced talking in a low voice to

the sick man. I could not hear what he said; but, while he spoke, an expression of peace stole over the invalid's pale face.

We left the house together; and how pleasant a contrast was the bright sunshine to the poverty and sorrow we had left behind! John Leigh said he was glad to find that sorrow and suffering found sympathy with me. I felt guilty, for I had gone more because I did not know what to do with myself, than from any higher motive. I do think John Leigh is a Christian.

July 10th. I never did like pic-nics; but, for some reason, I enjoyed myself to-day, much more than usual. I didn't know that "Shady Lane" was such a delightful place before. Those tall green trees, with the sunlight falling through the green branches, and playing on the soft grass—the birds winging in and out among the leaves—the gay dresses of the girls, as they flitted about, arranging the tables, their pleasant voices and merry laughter, mingled with the deeper tones of the young men—how beautiful it all seemed! I wonder—I know it is nothing to me—but I wonder if John Leigh is engaged to Bella Vaughn—he was with her a good deal; and yet—I wonder what makes him look at me so. I can't describe his expression, but I had rather have one of those approving glances of his, such as he gave me, when I repressed Ellen Grant for ridiculing good Mr. Strong, than all the fine speeches a young man can make. I wonder what he meant, when he said he should see me again soon—when he bid me "good night"—but, how foolish I am—it isn't likely he meant anything—but still—

July 15th. Am I dreaming, or is it a blessed reality, that I am the affianced wife of John Leigh? If it be a dream, may the waking never come. I have sometimes thought, and yet I dared not hope that he loved me—for I did not, nor do I now think myself worthy the love of such a man.

Last evening, as I sat in the parlor, quiet and alone, John Leigh came in unannounced, as he has lately done, once or twice. I rose to call my sister, but he begged me not to, saying softly, "Wont you entertain me to-night, Helen?" He had never called me "Helen" before, and there was a strange fluttering at my heart.

We conversed awhile on indifferent subjects, but a spell seemed laid upon us, and every now and then came an awkward silence. After awhile, John rose to go; and yet, as he bade me "good night," he lingered, as if something

remained unsaid. I was standing at his side, and opposite us was a long mirror. Looking up, he saw our reflections, "side by side," and passing his arm gently round me, called my attention to it, saying:

"Side by side, Helen, shall it not always be so, darling?"

I could not speak, but he drew my head upon his breast, and kissed my forehead. I knew, then, that I had found my place, and that with all my heart I loved John Leigh. We did not talk much during the hour he remained with me,—and the few words spoken, seem too precious and sacred to be written even here.

August 15th. How happy I have been for the last month; sometimes, I fear, I am too happy, and tremble for the future. I think, since I have had this new, this precious love in my heart, I have loved God more than ever before—that this blessed gift came from my Heavenly Father; and yet how often I forget the Giver. How much easier it is for me to love the seen than the unseen; and yet God's love for me is unchanging, notwithstanding my strange ingratitude.

August 18th. A little cloud has arisen in my hitherto sunny sky. John is going away; he will engage in business in B—. He says that, in a year, he must have me with him—his wife. Will such a blessed anticipation ever be realized?

September 2d. He is gone; and it seems as though my very self had gone with him; I did not know how necessary he had become to my happiness. I find that all my thoughts, all my plans for the future, are linked with him. In my inmost heart, I thank God for our mutual love; may we consecrate it to Him who gave it. I hope this will be a year of advancement to me—how much mental and spiritual culture I need—how much there is to learn—how little I know.

September 10th. To-day came my first letter from John—how my heart throbbed, and cheeks burned, as father, with a pleasant smile, handed it to me.

I went to my own room, and locked myself in, to be alone with my "beloved." My hands trembled as I opened it, and tears came to my eyes, as I read the first word, "My precious Helen." It was not a common "love letter"—at least I do not think it was—full of exquisite tenderness—an unrestrained pouring out of thoughts and feelings, such as one would write only to "another self."

In closing, he said: "In loving each other,

dear Helen, let us not forget that Infinite Love, to which all earthly love bears no comparison—let us consecrate to Him our hearts' best affections, for He loved us, and gave Himself for us."

Oct. 11th. Another one of those blessed white-winged messengers, that come to me every week, fraught with affection. This is such a fine October day—the blue sky dotted with little white fleeces of clouds—the trees gay in their bright autumn dress—every now and then the light breeze brings down a brilliant shower of leaves, spreading upon the grass a many-hued carpet. As I sit here looking on all this beauty, how appropriate seems the words of Israel's "sweet singer:"

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

I did not know that I possessed the capacity for so much happiness as I have enjoyed the past summer. I have every blessing heart can desire—loving friends, a pleasant home—and, last and best of all God's gifts to me, the love of a noble, manly heart. My Father's mercies are indeed "new every morning, and fresh every evening."

Oct. 20th. John is leading a very busy life, and I know a useful one; he spends much of his leisure time in searching out the destitute and degraded, and trying to encourage and assist them. He has gathered a Sabbath-school in one of the worst streets of the city, swarming with Dutch, Irish, and the lowest class of Americans. At first, he had little to encourage him, but every Sabbath the numbers increase, until there are now about fifty, many of them grown, and some white-haired men and women. He says the hours spent in instructing them, are among the happiest of his life. May God bless and prosper his labors of love. John thinks that I shall be a great help to him in His work; he says, "a woman can gain admittance to the heart, and inspire confidence in many cases, where a man finds it impossible;" he thinks "every Christian should be a working Christian—God wants no drones in his great world-hive."

Sunday, Oct. 27th. This has been a solemn and happy day to me, for to-day I have made a public profession of my faith in Christ, and sat for the first time at the Lord's table. When the baptismal water was laid upon my forehead, and I took upon my lips the vows of consecration, I felt that I was no longer my own, that I had taken the vows of God upon me, and that henceforth, living or dying, I must be the Lord's.

It is sweet, indeed, to be a child of God. May I ever keep near my father, holding up my hand that He may reach down and lead me in His own right way.

Nov. 10th. No letter to-day. What can be the reason? he always writes so regularly. Dear John! how I long to see him. I can hardly wait for Christmas to bring him to me.

15th. Still no letter. The rain falls steadily and mournfully down, and now and then the sad Autumn wind drives it against the windows; all seems drear and desolate, and in my heart is a strange foreboding of evil. May God give me strength to bear whatever the future has in store for me.

Nov. 20th. A letter, but not from him; he is sick, and cannot write. His friend writes that he has been much exposed of late, a fever has been raging about him, and he has watched with and nursed the sick night and day, until at last, worn out by fatigue, he, too, is a victim. They hope he is not dangerously sick, but my poor heart tells me the contrary. I dare not think of what the result may be. O God, spare my beloved!

23d. He is no better. I want to go to him, but cannot. I shall never see him again—I cannot weep—I cannot pray. Have pity upon me, O God!

Dec. 25th. It is more than a month since I have written a line in this journal, nor have I strength now to write what has transpired since the last sad entry. I cannot realize that this sad, pale face is mine; that two months ago I was a gay, light-hearted girl—with everything to bless me, and the love of one in whom my whole life seemed bound up. And this is Christmas, and I was to have been so happy to-day. Did God see that I was making an idol of his gift, and forgetting the Giver?

It is just four weeks to-day since, with pitying faces, and eyes filled with tears, they said softly to me—"he is dead." I shed no tears; they said I was very calm; perhaps I was; there is a grief beyond tears—a calmness of despair. I could not pray. *Had not God taken him from me?*

And then I remained for days, moving mechanically through the rooms, or sitting motionless for hours—shedding no tears—one thought continually in my almost petrified heart—"he is dead."

At last my mother, fearing for my reason, one day silently placed his miniature before me. As I gazed on that dear face, now hidden from me forever, the fountains of my grief were broken up, and I wept long and bitterly.

Then she told me of his sickness and death—how he did not have his reason from the time he was taken ill until a little while before he died—how he longed for me and prayed for me, that God would pity me, and give me strength to bear my great sorrow, holding my picture tightly all the time. Then she told of his peace and serenity in view of death—of his desire to be with Christ—and how, after lying in silence for some time, he looked up, his face beaming with angelic smiles, as though he caught a glimpse of the glory that was to follow, and exclaimed—“The gates are opening—I come! I come!” then a slight shiver ran through his frame, and he was an angel of God.

I trust that dying prayer was answered—that God, in great mercy, has taken from me that wicked spirit of rebellion that for a time possessed my heart. The beautiful dream of my youth is fled, I am living—he is dead. I knew that I loved him with all my heart, but I know now that I loved him with a blind idolatry due only to God. Now my idol is taken from me, and I must “be still,” and know that it is God who has done it.

30th. To-day I received a package containing my miniature and the letters I had written to him who has gone to be with Jesus. As I think of the happy hours passed with him, of his high and noble character, his energy and zeal in his master's cause—I feel that

“Jesus must have loved him much,
To call him home so soon.”

As I look over these letters, written when life seemed so beautiful, and death so far off—the truth, with a sad reality comes to me, that all is over now—that I am done with bright dreams. How cheerless every day life seems—how cold and dreary the future; and yet, I am only eighteen! Father, thy hand has wounded, wilt thou not bind up my bleeding heart?

Here the journal ends for many months. How vividly, as I have read these faded lines, have these sad scenes of my early life arisen before me; and yet, I am happy now. He who chasteneth in love, poured balm into my wounded heart, and life, that for a time seemed a burden, became pleasant again, as I strive to live near my Saviour, and do His will.

Not many months after my great affliction, my father's business became seriously involved. He struggled manfully against the impending blow, but it availed nothing; he was obliged to give up nearly everything to satisfy his creditors. We removed from our long loved and

beautiful home, and my father succeeded in obtaining a clerkship in a distant town. We could not afford to keep a servant, and I, who had never been used to any sort of labor, was compelled to perform much of the household work. But it was willing service; in sympathizing with my parents' trouble I found comfort for my own grief. I tried to comfort my meek and patient mother, upon whom the burden of our changed circumstances fell heavily, and to cheer and encourage my broken-down father, in whose dark hair silver threads came thickly. I think I succeeded in a measure, and the happiest moment I had enjoyed for a year was when my father, placing his hand on my head, said, “Helen, you have been a great comfort to your poor father.” I knew, then, that there was happiness in this world aside from that of following our own inclinations, though a different happiness from the bright joyousness of former years.

Several quiet years passed away; our circumstances somewhat improved; I was calmly content, though the memory of my past joy-sorrow was often present with me.

One day, about two years ago, a gentleman called to see my father; as he was not at home, I saw him, and offered to take any message; he handed me his card, a plain one, with Sidney Marshall upon it in German text; he sat a few moments, made a few general observations, and went away, leaving a very slight impression of any kind in my mind—and yet, he is now my husband.

Soon after the time I first saw him, he became connected in business with my father; and we naturally grew better acquainted, and soon intimately so. I did not think, then, that I could ever love again—did not know that my heart, long closed, was again opening to another affection. But when, after I had known him many months, he told me that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife, I felt that he was indeed dear to me. I told him all my past history, and that I could not love again as I had done. He drew me tenderly to his heart, and said that he did not ask the love that belonged to another, but that the affection I could give him would be worth all the world to him. I could not speak, but I laid my hand in his, and he knew that I was his.

And so I married Sydney Marshall, my dear, kind husband. He is not a great man; his name is unknown save to the few who love him; yet he has those sterling qualities, and warm, true heart, that constitute a noble manhood. Our tastes in most things are alike—we

love the same Saviour—are seeking together the same Heaven.

He takes a fair and decided stand for the right in all the great questions of "this day of great things;" his voice is ever heard on the side of truth and justice, and the poor find a liberal friend in Sydney Marshall.

Now, down the street I see a well known form coming nearer and nearer, and I go to meet him with sweet peace in my heart, and firm trust in Him who in the midst of judgment remembers mercy.

Our Anniversary.

To the friends who kept it with me at Glen Iris, the 12th of September, 1860.

WE have come with song and cheer,
Round this headland of the year;
We have heard thy voice of streams
Call to us, amid our dreams;
We have looked upon thy face,
Shining in its autumn grace;
And our offerings shall be,
Hail, Glen Iris, unto thee!

By the snowy locks of foam,
Tangled thy green hills among;
By the valleys laid at rest,
Emeralds on thy stony breast;
By the mountains at whose feet,
Streams their shining sandals heap;
By each rock, and stream, and tree,
Hail, Glen Iris, unto thee!

Friends beloved, if my song,
Feebly throb its theme along;
If it weave no shining bays,
For the host no harps can praise;
If it bind for her no palm,
Who hath lent these hills fresh charm,
Let its myrrh and incense be,
Hail, Glen Iris, unto thee!

And may God, who down the year,
Flung the gates that led us here—
Where the winter's arches sprung—
Where the summer's sweet bells rang;
And our feet hath set, to-day,
On this green height in life's way,
Bid our song His chorus be,
Hail, Glen Iris, unto thee!

And oh! steadfast Eyes that read,
Calmly all our future's need,
Bid thine angels, to and fro,
Through the rain and tempest go;
And when we shall count, at last,
All our mile-stones safely past,
Sweet in memory's bells may be,
Hail, Glen Iris, unto thee!

Waiting.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

SUCH a hot, burning day as it was—the sultriest of July's thirty-one children. Only a few of the golden beams came in at the door, and played over the floor of the old log school-house, where we all sat poring over our studies. But the pupils were tired and over-heated, and every one, both large and small, hailed the hour of dismissal with pleasure. The children rushed out with a shout and a bound, and were off to their homes like so many wild deer, while I, the oldest scholar at school, walked along quietly by the side of our teacher, Edgar Clarence.

Hot, white, and dusty, the road lay before us, while scarcely a breath of air stirred the leaves; and even the birds had flown to the deepest recesses of the forest for shelter from the burning rays of the sun. I was thinking, silently, of the cool, shady parlor at home; of the round table with its snowy damask, and pretty, old-fashioned china tea things; of the fragrant bouquet which my mother always put on the table to please me; and last and dearest of all, of my mother herself, with her kind smiles and loving words. It was such a pretty picture I had almost forgotten that Mr. Clarence was with me, till recalled to myself by a half-astonished, half-amused exclamation:

"Do just look at that little heathen, Miss Lute! Did you ever see such a child?"

Sure enough, through a cloud of dust so dense that at first I could distinguish nothing, I at last saw something in the human form, rolling over and over in the scorching road, hands and feet busy in stirring up the six inches of dust beneath it.

As we approached nearer, Mr. Clarence, who could not help laughing at the ridiculous object, bowed lowly, and with mock reverence, to what we at last discovered to be a little girl, eight or nine years of age. She looked up a moment in surprise, at the handsome, mischievous face above her, and then up went another handful of dust, this time right in her eyes. I scarcely know why, but I felt sorry for her, little heathen though she really seemed to be; and so, after the cloud had fairly cleared away again, I went up to her, and taking her hand, said kindly,

"What are you doing this for, little girl? Wont your mother be angry with you?"

The great black eyes looked up into mine fearlessly, and she laughed a wild, ringing laugh, as she said,

"No, mother wont care, 'cause I haven't got no mother; and grandmother has gone out washing, and it's such good fun to see the dust go flying all over everybody that passes. And don't it make the school children mad, though? I don't care—I hate every one of 'em. They make fun of me, and call me names; but don't I pay 'em for it?" Here, as if to express her delight, she shook back her shaggy hair with a wicked toss of the head, and laughed again, her strangely peculiar laugh.

I was at a loss for something to say to this outburst of revengeful feelings, for a moment. At last I commenced again:

"What is your name?"

"My real, sure-enough name, is Leonora Glenn; but grandmother allus calls me Nora—'cause mother did, I reckon."

"Well, Nora, don't you think it is very wicked to hate any person, or to throw dust on the children as they go home from school?"

"No, I don't; I love to make 'em hate me just as hard as ever they can, and I make faces at 'em, just so," screwing up her face into such horrible grimaces that Mr. Clarence laughed outright, which reminded me that he was waiting patiently for me to finish my catechism.

"Should you like to go to school, Nora?"

"Shouldn't I, though!" her great black eyes beaming beautiful now, and flashing with delight; "grandmother would send me if she had the money, and I do want to go just the worst! Oh, dear!" This was said with such a doleful sigh, I couldn't help smiling.

"If you'll just promise you'll be a good girl, and try not to hate any person any more, I'll get you some clean clothes, and coax this gentleman to let you come to school to him every day."

Such a flash, such a beautiful flash as went all over her face then!

"Will you? Will you really and truly send me to school? Oh! I'm so glad! I *will* be a good girl, and try to learn ever so hard, for I want so much to read about the beautiful birds and flowers. Do you love flowers? I do! Oh! I love them so much; and I love you too, now—indeed I do! You're Miss Lute Archer, I know, for I heard the school children say so; and don't you think I thought you was just as proud as could be, and hated me too, just like everybody in the world does, but grandmother; and I was going to throw dirt all over your nice, clean dress, too; but I'll *never* do it now, and I'll love you as long as I live; and oh! I'm so happy!" and here the breathless little voice broke down in actual tears of joy.

I believe there were tears in *my* eyes, too! Poor little thing! Something seemed to say to me that in her soul was a germ which, if cultivated in the right manner, might become a beautiful, stainless flower; and there was a depth of earnest feeling in my heart that welled through my lips, as I said soothingly,

"Poor little, motherless thing, don't cry. I'll be your friend now, Nora, and you shall learn to read, and shall become a good, truthful little girl, and the children will not hate you any more. So get up now, and go home and wash your face nicely, and straighten out this tangled hair (it's pretty hair, Nora, if you'll take care of it,) and never play in the dust any more, or you'll make me very sorry indeed."

She was on her feet in a moment.

"I'll do anything in the world you want me to, and I'll love you so—so very much." She put her dirty little hand in mine; said good bye, and was off through the woods like an arrow, after first promising me to come to see me the next morning.

I walked on in silence for a few moments. "Miss Lute!" I started and looked up to meet the steady gaze of Mr. Clarence upon me, in a way that made the hot blood leap to my face, and flush both cheek and brow.

"What is it, Mr. Clarence?"

"Do you know what you seemed to me, as you stood there in the road, talking to that half wild creature?"

"Indeed, I can't imagine, sir, unless it was a hungry school girl, who was excessively tired, and extremely dusty," I said, laughingly.

"A good angel, rather, Miss Lute—an angel of mercy and charity. Sometime when I am a great artist (I am *going* to be one in a long while from now, Miss Lute) I shall paint you just as you looked, standing there in your cool, white dress, sowing good words deep in the rich, but uncultivated soil of that little child's soul. Till then, the picture shall remain fresh and fair in my heart."

Something in the tone, as much as the words, warned me to change the conversation; for I, too, had a picture in my heart—a picture of a light, boyish form, with blue eyes and auburn hair, who a year before had said good bye in the evening shadows, and whose love was dearer to me than anything else in the world, save my mother. I called my picture—my real, living picture, "Harry Farley," and treasuring it as I did, I turned to Mr. Clarence with a light laugh, and an indifferent, "Nonsense, Mr. Clarence. Had I known there was

a critic present, I should have struck a 'stage attitude,' and been as sentimental as the God of Love himself. Seriously, though, I like that child, and am going to get mother to help me make something out of her—a good woman, I hope. The materials are there, I am sure. What do you think of my whim?"

"That you have done right, as you always do, Miss Lute; and I shall take special pains with your little charge, and do not fear but she will some day richly reward you for your kindness and gentleness."

He was approaching dangerous grounds again, but, fortunately, at this moment we reached my mother's gate; and declining an invitation to take tea with us, he bade me a pleasant good evening.

I recollect, almost as well as if it were yesterday, that long, happy evening in our quiet parlor, my mother entering cheerfully into my plans concerning little Nora, her soft hand caressing my head all the time, as it lay in her lap. We were not wealthy folks, my mother and I; but when I was a little child my father died, and left, with his blessing, a sufficiency to support us comfortably; and so I grew to be a rather thoughtful girl of sixteen, knowing but little of the extravagance, dissipation, and wickedness of the world.

I rather think my mother was glad of this. I know she always dreaded the time when I must finally mingle with, and battle against, the rough crowd in the pathway of my life. From her I had acquired a taste and manners much more refined than my young companions, and to her careful instructions I owed all my skill in music—an accomplishment in which I really excelled. So far my life had been one of happiness, and the future was bright and cheerful. From this period, reader, I shall date my story—a story of simple, everyday life.

The next morning came, fragrant and beautiful, and with it came little Nora; her face so clean and bright, her hair hanging in such pretty waves of chestnut hue around her head, that I could scarcely believe it was the same dirty little creature I had seen the day before. The fierceness had all died out of her face now, and there was a half yearning look in her large, black eyes, as she came up, almost timidly, to me, with a bouquet of pretty wild flowers in her hand.

A few kind words about them was sufficient to banish all her reserve. Flowers were her idols, and she was never tired of praising them, and as I watched her cheeks glow as she

talked of them, I thought that, after all, the child was almost pretty.

With a little ingenuity, mother and I contrived to give her a good supply of neat clothes from our own wardrobe; and when, at last, at the end of a week, I led her triumphantly into the school room, with her face bright with roses, and her chestnut hair in ringlets on her shoulders, I think I never experienced before so pleasant a feeling in my life.

Mr. Clarence was surprised at the transformation, even more than I had hoped he would be; and as I led her up to his desk, he said, in a low voice:

"The good angel has been at work again, Miss Lute. No one but *you* could have done this."

I replied in the same tone: "Do not try to make me vain, Mr. Clarence, but rather help me to mould this innocent soul into something good and beautiful. As much depends on your influence as on mine—perhaps more. She is one of God's precious little ones, watched over by him, and led by us. I have only been doing my duty."

He looked into my face again, earnestly. "You teach me to be good too, little Lute. God will surely bless you, and so far as I can, I will help you in your noble work."

And so Leonora Glenn was added to the list of names in the old log school house, and well did she repay us for our care.

I never saw a child that seemed to drink in knowledge as she did. It came almost naturally to her. Mr. Clarence was very kind to her, and next to myself, she loved him. At school she at first had many enemies, but a kind or sorrowful word from Mr. Clarence or myself would subdue her most violent outbursts of passion; and seeing how much it pained us, she at last learned to control her fierce temper, and soon became a great favorite with the scholars.

I hardly know how it came about, but one lovely evening in September, I stood in the soft, red light of the dying day, with a heart full of sadness, for but a moment before Edgar Clarence, my noble young teacher, had breathed a passionate tale of love to me: told me how dear I had become to him, till life, without me, seemed a great leaden blank; and for all this, reader, I could not say a single word of encouragement. I respected him—I honored him too much to trifle with his feelings, and so, laying my hand kindly in his own, I could only say,

"I am very, very sorry, Mr. Clarence, that

you, who are so more than worthy of me, must be pained by hearing that I love another."

A great, choking sob came up from my heart then, as I saw the white, sad look settle down on his handsome face, then, a low—"God bless both you and *him*, dear Lute, though he has shadowed my life for years,"—fell on my ears, and I was alone again. "Ah! yes," I murmured, "God bless Edgar, too, but most of all, *my* Harry."

* * * * *

A year, yes, six of them, had passed away, each one bringing its little cares and joys to every one in the world; but greatest of all had they changed our Nora—little Nora no longer, but beautiful Leonora, whose careful hand had trained the mass of vines over their humble doorway, and placed the sweet flowers in the yard—whose voice rang out cheerily as she tripped on her way to the same old log school house I had led her into years before; only *she* was the patient, gentle teacher now, beloved by all her pupils.

My mother and I had never relinquished our care over her, and even Mr. Clarence would occasionally send her a package of books or a picture from the busy world, where he was fast becoming a great artist, in very truth. In his notes he always called her little Nora, and his little pupil, evidently forgetting that six years would change little Nora into a woman.

Everything about her rude home betokened a fine sense of delicate harmony and cultivated taste, and it never ceased to be a wonder to me, the skill with which she could blend the colors in a bouquet of flowers, or the natural instinct which taught her to love the beauties of nature.

Last and greatest of all, too, Nora was an authoress. Not a famous one, reader, but she had written many and beautiful sketches, that were sought after and admired for the freshness and simplicity that characterized them, and which always reminded me of her bouquets, so graceful and delicate was the touch that blended all her thoughts in harmony together.

I, Lute Archer, had not changed much in the last six years. A little taller, a little graver, perhaps, but in heart the very same loving girl who stood in the twilight shadows to bid Harry Farley good bye, long years ago. And all this time Harry and I had never met. A thousand little circumstances, trifling in themselves, but weighty in importance when combined, had kept us apart, till at last despair was beginning to settle down upon my heart. Harry—my noble boy-lover, had probably forgotten, years

ago, the little girl sweetheart who wept so bitterly over his departure; and so reasoning with myself, I mingled more in the gay world, and tried to forget, at least, that portion of the past.

My mother and I spent one summer at the sea-side, and whilst there I met Edgar Clarence. He greeted me with a frank, cordial smile, that banished all embarrassment I would otherwise have felt; and so we became fast friends again—only this time his love for me was like that of a brother. He could scarcely believe Nora had actually grown to be a young lady—it seemed so strange to think of the little curly-headed child as a *woman*, occupying his place, as a teacher.

He promised to visit me soon, and see for himself, how "our wonderful little protégé, (as he always called her,) was progressing in civilization," but something occurred to prevent him from doing so, and so another year rolled away, and Nora was left with one friend less in the world; her aged grandmother had fallen quietly into the sleep of death one evening, while Nora was singing her favorite hymn.

Poor girl! how she clung to me in her great sorrow, for sympathy and comfort. My heart bled for her, in this her first great trial.

After her grief had partially worn away, she commenced teaching again, in spite of our remonstrances, and it was only through much persuasion that we finally succeeded in getting her to leave her lonely home, and board with us. She was so sensitive—so much afraid of intruding—but, when she saw it pained us for her to decline any longer, she came, and soon became almost as cheerful and contented as before.

* * * * *

It came at last—the letter far more precious than rubies to me—and I wept joyful tears over the words that my wearied spirit had thirsted after so long in vain. I read them over and over again—never tiring of their sweetness:

"After all these long years of separation and patient waiting, I am coming to you at last, little Lute, seeing my way in the world clear and bright before me; and my little girl has been true to me, I know, through all this dreary lapse of time. *My* little girl, how sweet the thought that you will soon be really mine! If my darling only knew, how through every sorrow and joy, her sweet, thoughtful face, and truthful 'I love you, Harry,' has kept me from temptations, she would thank God for her good influence in the world. So often you used to

say to me, 'Harry, if I could only do some good in the world—if I only had some aim in life, I should be so much better contented.' Dearest, best of little preachers, your whole life has been a volume of kindness. It has done more to make a good man of me, than all the sermons in the world could have done; and hereafter, dear Lute, I shall place my happiness in your hands, so that you can no longer say, 'I have no aim in life.' Will you write to me just a word, darling—just a little word, telling me to come—that Lute is yet the little Lute I used to know? God bless my precious darling, till she is folded in the arms of—

"HARRY FARLEY."

I wrote hastily, the few required words, "Dear, dear Harry, I love you. Come!"

His faithful heart would require no more, and I could never have written how dear he was to me.

* * * * *

My room was so cool and quiet, that soft June day. Nora's tasteful hands had been at work there, looping back the white muslin curtains with slender green vines, covered with delicate white blossoms, (something she had found, while roaming through the woods,) and on each side of the oval mirror on my bureau were bouquets of the sweetest rose-buds, and my dressing-table was adorned with fragrant white lilies. Dear little Nora, how much I loved her; how much I should have missed her clear, ringing voice, warbling, bird-like, through the house, at night and morning.

She came bounding into my room, with her sweet young face all aglow, her hands holding a wreath of delicate blossoms for my hair, and her bright eyes sparkling with the strangely beautiful light that always filled them, when she was unusually happy.

In a moment more, her little white hands had smoothed down my hair, and arranged the wreath gracefully upon my head—then kissing me softly, she said:

"I have a joyful surprise for you, dear Lute. Can you guess it?"

My heart gave a glad, wild bound, and I was on my feet in a moment: "Oh Nora! what is it? Harry?"

"Has come; is in the parlor waiting for you."

I heard no more. In another minute I was in my dear one's arms, sobbing like a little child. "Harry, Harry, I am so glad to see you."

"My darling little girl, my little Lute, I shall never, never leave you again."

The dear voice was the same—the blue eyes were filled with the same fond look—but Harry, my boy-lover, had grown into a handsome man—a man that could make a woman love and honor him. Reader, so joyful a meeting defies description.

A week passed away—a week so laden with its precious burden of happiness, that I feared it must all be a pleasant dream. My dear, good mother, was as happy as myself, and Harry—Harry was just what I had always hoped and prayed he would be—the soul of love and honor.

We had written for Mr. Clarence to come to us, in this hour of our great joy, and he came one evening, just as Nora had thrown over my head a long, fleecy veil of white, and fastened in my hair the symbollic orange blossoms. I heard his cheerful voice in the hall, as my mother and Harry greeted him, and I saw Nora's beautiful eyes light up their fires, when I mentioned his name; and a hope flashed through my heart, that these two, my dearest friends, should, *knowing, love* each other.

Another hour had passed, and Harry was my husband. Blessed words they were, that made us one, forever and eternally; and when, leaning on his arm, he bent down and murmured, "God bless you, my noble, true-hearted little wife," I thought my cup of joy was full to overflowing.

How swiftly the hours slipped away then! How I learned more and more each day, the value of the great, true love that was mine—that would cast its golden light across my pathway of life, and make bright even the dark, cold grave!

Mr. Clarence was with us yet. He seemed quite happy, and I saw his artist eye and poet soul, drinking in the beauties both of person and mind, that hung in such a beautiful drapery around "our Nora." And Leonora herself, how I loved to watch the flesh that spread over her face, at the sound of his voice, or his footstep! How naturally they walked into the silken net, that love had woven to entangle their unsuspecting feet!

A week after our marriage, Harry came into my room, and stooping down and caressing me, in his old, lover-like way, said:

"Clarence has just been telling me of the good little angel, who, years ago, found a little ragged child in the dust, and who made of the little neglected, motherless thing, a noble, beautiful woman; and he told me, too, something of a worship that sprung up in his heart for that good angel—but that she could only sadly

shake her head, and say: 'I love another.' Dear little wife, he has learned me more than ever, the pure quality of the gold that is mine. He has a present for you, my pet—something, I am sure, you will always prize." We went down the stairs together, and he led me up proudly and fondly, to where Mr. Clarence stood before a picture. I recognized it at a glance. The very same scene, that seven years before he had witnessed in the road, that sultry July day. It was true to the life, and little Nora's great, fierce eyes, were looking at me again, just as then. He had called the picture "Love and Genius."

I stood silently before it, a tide of memories rushing over me, till, looking up, I beheld Nora standing in the doorway, her large eyes full of tears, her lips parted, her hands clasped convulsively, her soul seemingly drinking in eagerly every line, every feature of the picture before me.

She came up to me at last, with the bright tears yet trembling on her eyelids, and taking my hand almost with reverence, she said, earnestly:

"My good angel, my kind benefactress, how can I ever thank you—how ever tell how much I love and bless you? I owe *everything* to you—home, friends, and happiness. I shudder to think what I should have been without you. What I am, you have made me. Dear, dear Lute, may God bless and repay you, for I can only love you."

She turned to Mr. Clarence then, the roses chasing each other over her lovely face, and her voice trembled as she said:

"And next to my good angel and to God, am I grateful to you. Through all these long years, I have never forgotten your kindness to me—the good words and encouraging smiles you always gave me. I cannot reward you, but, in my heart, I shall always pray for, and bless you."

"Nay, nay, my little pupil, not quite so fast; I am not like kind Mrs. Farley there, doing good deeds without expecting recompense; and some day I shall require payment in full at your hands, for the little good I may have done you." I could read the glow in his eyes, as he raised her hand to his lips; but Nora hastened from the room, her face crimson with blushes.

I turned to thank Mr. Clarence for his beautiful present, but he too had vanished; and, looking into Harry's face, I, the happy bride of a week, forgot all else in my husband's love.

I thought Mr. Clarence was more reserved with Nora after this, and Nora herself avoided him. I saw and grieved over it all, but could only wait and let time do its own work. Mr. Clarence grew thoroughly miserable at last, and Nora was becoming pale and sad.

"Mr. Clarence," I broke out suddenly, as he sat reading one afternoon: "Nora is looking so pale and thin of late, that I fear she is going to be ill. Can't I prevail on you to take her out riding? I think it would do her good."

"Nora! poor little girl, do you think she is ill, Mrs. Farley? I would do anything in the world for her—*anything*, even to lay down my life for her. Oh! Mrs. Farley, if you only knew how much—" He paused, and I finished the sentence for him.

"If I only knew how much you love Leonora Glenn? As if I *didn't* know it, Edgar Clarence, all the while you have been nursing your secret so jealously. Why do you not tell her so?" looking mischievously into his face.

"Because she doesn't love me, Mrs. Farley—because, through gratitude, she would give me her hand, when her heart is elsewhere. Why does she avoid me, if it is not because she knows I love her? No, no, do not ask me to pain her, by offering her a heart she can never prize? His lips were white; his eyes moistened.

"Mr. Clarence, I thought you a better judge of human nature. Can you not better read the flushing brow, the half averted face, the trembling hand, and downcast eye? Do you think it is *gratitude* that makes her startle up eagerly at your footstep, or hang enchanted on your lightest word? Now, just listen to a little common sense, Mr. Clarence, coming as it does from a staid married woman; and while I go and tell Nora to prepare for a ride, make up your mind to tell her, in so many plain, honest words, 'Leonora Glenn, I love you.' If her reserve doesn't vanish like an icicle before sunshine, my name is not Mrs. Lute Farley, and I am not the happiest little woman in Christendom."

I left him looking smiling and handsome, and ran up stairs to see that Nora should be looking her sweetest. How tenderly he lifted her into the saddle; how proud of her he looked, as they dashed off merrily through the woods, and Harry and I sat all the evening, weaving pretty pictures of their future life.

The moon was shining brightly when they

returned, and it only needed a glance at their happy faces, to tell me my prophecy was fulfilled. Mr. Clarence came leading the blushing girl to where I stood on the portico, and his eyes were brimming over with the same holy light I had seen in them seven years before, as he said:

"I have come to ask you for little Nora, Mrs. Farley; she says she is yours, body and mind, till you give her to me. Am I worthy of so rich a prize?"

I did not answer him, kind reader—I could not, for my eyes were too full of happy tears—but I placed her hand in his, and kissed her softly, and Edgar Clarence asked no other answer.

A Word to Husbands.

BY ELIZABETH.

"Isn't this a beautiful little picture, dear, and just the thing to fill up that corner? Cousin Lottie gave it to me; it is her own painting, and I had it framed yesterday."

"I don't know," replied the tender spouse, "I can't see any use in such things, for my part, everything costs so much money. I think, if the dollar you gave for that, had been spent for a bushel of wheat, or something really useful, it might amount to something."

"Oh James, how can you talk so?" and the sensitive wife choked down the happy feelings she was trying to share with him.

Mary Grey! it was a sweet name, and one that James Brown had often admired, when it belonged to the young girl, beautiful and glad in her sunny youth, whom he had wooed and won; but now, time had faded the full round cheek, and scattered her furrows on the open brow, and the silver threads twined with the still glossy waves of her hair told plainer than words, that the cares and conflicts of life had left waymarks which could never be effaced. But, were these the reasons why James Brown did not appreciate the feelings of his wife? Oh no! that could not be; but, sometimes she used to think, (how could she help it?) of the tender look and manner he always used towards her before her marriage, and while she was a young wife. As to "err is human," she was doubtless sometimes in error. She might have mistaken his perplexities in business and absorbing cares for coldness and neglect; he might not have dreamed, as she charitably believed he did not, (while she failed to draw out his better heart,) that he was crushing a

heart full of desires for sympathy and love. When she found that what she craved was denied her here, she went to her Father on high, and there poured out the wailings of her soul, and He gave her the "peace that passeth human understanding;" but our faith is sometimes dim, and we still cling to outward objects, for the comfort they alone can never give—then it was, perhaps, that she more than ever desired her husband's sympathy.

Do not let me give a wrong impression of James Brown, for in all truthfulness I would say, he was at heart a kind man, but he had not been educated to depend upon the little manifestations of love which a sensitive, affectionate heart, always craves. He loved his wife and children, and the pleasant home she made for him, where he always, excepting occasionally, when absent on business, spent his evenings; and he could not see why it was, Mary was always desiring so many tender words—so great an amount, as he thought, of extra appreciation. "Wasn't he always at home? didn't he provide liberally for his family? and did he ever grudge the spending money that was usually ready for her?" No—he did none of these things—yet there were times when a little cloud overspread their fireside, and everything wore a dim and sorry look.

The "honey-moon" lasted as long with them as it does with most married pairs—then all the energies of the husband were turned toward securing a livelihood. Faithfully they labored—he and his wife—and all their efforts were blessed, till they had abundance. To meet all the expenses of a "rainy day," James Brown, as is common with other men, became gradually so absorbed in business, that his desire for "laying by," came home with him to his meals—sat by him, as he read his paper—stared him in his face, when he wanted to frolic with his children—and, finally, sometimes stepped between him and the loving words he owed his wife. He didn't always think, as business pressed and hurried him—how much the happiness of loved ones depended upon little thoughts, *looked* when not *spoken*—tender acts that amount to nothing, excepting to those who crave them, and whose happy home they help to make up. James Brown, with his manly, striving heart, forgot this; but there came a time when sickness and misfortune laid him upon a bed of suffering, and he then desired the little attentions he had not thought to give—and they were ready for him, too—for the wife who had longed for, and

criminal's name—after he had spent five years of his prime in a prisoner's cell?"

"And—and have you never heard from him since?"

"Never."

"And you will never see him again?"

"Never."

"Did mamma know of all this, Uncle Edward?"

"Yes; and it was this knowledge, more than disease, which sent her to her grave."

Wealthy Lockwood did not ask any more questions. She sat very still, with the slow tears rolling down her face.

Her uncle bent down and looked at her. "We will never speak of this again, my child. His name must never cross your lips while you live. Dry up your tears, be happy, and forget what I have told you," and then Edward Willoughby wiped the girl's eyes, as mothers do those of little children; and when the smiles had come back to the sweet face, he lifted her to her feet, caught up the locket, which lay on the floor, and thrust it into the grate fire, as though it had been a viper.

Mr. Willoughby was a childless widower, and he had adopted his orphan niece by the bedside of her dying mother. He was a man of stern integrity and inflexible will—not a man of many gentle and generous affections, and one who had little pity or charity for the faults of others.

His pride was indomitable, and this had been nursed in the atmosphere of the old and exclusive family whose name he bore, and which had stood before the world without spot or blemish.

He had but one brother, and Sydney was much the greater general favorite, on account of his vivacity and fine social qualities. He was impulsive and warm hearted, but his character lacked a foundation of good principles; and when he found himself involved in great pecuniary responsibilities and difficulties—difficulties incurred by his own mismanagement and recklessness, he had, in an hour of sore temptation, embezzled a large sum from his brother.

Of course, he quieted his conscience with the sophistries men like him always use on such occasions.

"The speculation would pay in a few months, that was a moral certainty. Then he would return the money to his brother with interest, and nobody would be the loser."

And of course, the matter did not end here. One embezzlement was followed by another—

one act of fraud made another necessary, until at last, driven to desperation, Sydney Willoughby forged the name of the senior party of his house for a large amount.

He was very adroit, and for a long time successful in his management to avert suspicion, and the forgeries had been several times repeated before the slightest doubt of his integrity was entertained.

But discovery was, of course, sooner or later inevitable; and it came, suddenly breaking, in a fearful tempest of disgrace and misery, on the man's head.

It was well that three years before his fair young wife had laid down where neither the wrath or execration heaped on her husband's head could break her slumber—it was well their brown-eyed boy had followed his mother a year later. His brother's defalcation was a terrible blow to Edward Willoughby. The thought that his proud old family name was a bye-word and a shame, drove his proud spirit almost to madness.

He had, as he told his niece, left no means untried to save his brother from the penalties of the law; but he never saw him after the trial, never allowed his name to pass his lips, except to the friends who, for his family's sake, made such strenuous, and, at last, successful efforts to secure the pardon of Sydney Willoughby. His brother, however, refused to see him before he sailed for South America, and for five years his name had never been uttered in his presence.

CHAPTER II.

"There is a gentleman wants to see you, Miss Wealthy."

The fingers which were flying like a flock of snow birds up and down the piano keys, paused a moment.

"To see me, Betty?" a little impatience palpitated along the tones.

"Yes, Miss; he said Miss Wealthy Lockwood. He looks like a poor, broken-down sort of gentleman," added the sagacious domestic.

"I haven't but just an hour to learn that new air," tossing back the music-book rather impatiently, and turning toward the parlor.

The man who rose from the sofa to meet Wealthy Lockwood looked more than his years, and they were fifty-three. His hair was mostly gray—his face was thin and worn, partly from ill-health, partly from the remorse which had slowly eaten out his life; still, there was something gentlemanlike in his address, which at once won attention and inspired interest.

As Wealthy Lockwood approached the visitor, her blue eyes suddenly filled with curiosity; he rose up and looked in her face with a long, strange, thirsty gaze, and his thin, sallow face grew white as his locks.

He gave the little girl his hand, and she saw that it cost him no slight effort to speak to her. "Forgive me; but your face looked so much like one that I knew and loved once, that it fairly overwhelmed me."

Wealthy stood still, without speaking, her wondering eyes fastened on the man.

"Oh, your face is like your mother's!" his gray eyes eagerly searching through every line and lineament.

"Did you know her, sir?" asked the astonished child.

"My child, your mother was my only sister."

Wealthy turned pale and staggered back; she comprehended it all now, and for a moment a great dread came over her, and she was on the point of rushing from the room; but a sight of that pale, sorrowful face held her back.

"You have heard of your Uncle Sydney?" said the man.

Wealthy bowed—she could not speak; and he saw by her face that she knew the great shame of his life.

"You have your mother's eyes, your mother's smile—all your mother's face; and *she* loved me. She was thirteen years younger than I, and I carried her, my little golden-haired sister, in these arms, through half her babyhood. How proud I was of her, how fondly she clung to me—my little sister, May Willoughby!"

He said these words in such a mournful tone that the little, warm heart of Wealthy Lockwood was touched. The tears filled her eyes with mist.

"My little niece," said her uncle; I have come to ask a favor of you for your dead mother's sake, I shall lie where she is in a little while, and you will not refuse to do me this one small, last favor I shall ask of you?"

"Not if I can."

"I want to see my brother once before I die. I know he will refuse my prayer, but they tell me *you* have more influence over him than any one in the wide world, and so I have come to you to aid me."

"But I don't dare to do *that*," exclaimed Wealthy, in a rapid, excited way, as though the very thought frightened her. "He won't allow me even to mention your name."

A look of such despair went over the man's pallid face, that Wealthy was touched again.

"I would do anything for you that I could,"

she said, drawing nearer to her uncle, and only remembering that her mother loved him.

"But this, I know, wouldn't be of any use."

"That is what they all told me," he said, "and yet I couldn't give it up. Stern and

proud as Edward is, and deep as I have wronged him, I know he has a heart. Oh, my child, I cannot die in peace until I have looked upon his face, until I have asked his forgiveness.

If he could only be made to look back for a few moments on the old boy-days, when we played and slept together, and our mother used to come with her soft, light tread up the back stairs to hear us say our prayers; if he could only be made to look back on the times when he went skating on the pond, and one day the ice broke, and I pulled him out—if he could only be made to stand face to face with those old times, his heart would grow once more like a brother's toward me. There is nobody but you who can help me in this matter, my little niece, and if you will you shall have the dying blessing of a sinful, repentant old man."

Wealthy's soul was filled with pity for her uncle. "I will do all I can for you," she said, with a sob in her throat.

A flash of joy went over the sick man's face. "My dear child," he said, laying his hand tenderly on her bright head, "may God bless you for those words. When shall I come?"

"I can't tell; but I will send you word if— if I can do this thing for you."

He took out a pencil and card, and wrote his address.

"Now I must go," he said, speaking feebly, as though the excitement had quite worn him out. "I wish you would call me Uncle Sydney once; it would be a sweet sound coming from the lips of May's child."

"My Uncle Sydney," answered the soft, tremulous voice of the little girl.

Sydney Willoughby bent down and kissed his niece, and she saw now that he was too much overcome for words, and they parted in silence.

CHAPTER III.

"What makes my little girl so sober?" asked Mr. Willoughby, as he stood on the rug, warming his back at the grate fire; and he looked down on his niece, as she sat on an ottoman, with her cheek, soft as the flush of half-ripened apricots, pillowed on her hand.

Wealthy's eyes were on the bright coal fire. A great struggle was going on in her heart.

It gave a quick throb now, one that she felt

shake her head, and say: 'I love another.' Dear little wife, he has learned me more than ever, the pure quality of the gold that is mine. He has a present for you, my pet—something, I am sure, you will always prize." We went down the stairs together, and he led me up proudly and fondly, to where Mr. Clarence stood before a picture. I recognized it at a glance. The very same scene, that seven years before he had witnessed in the road, that sultry July day. It was true to the life, and little Nora's great, fierce eyes, were looking at me again, just as then. He had called the picture "Love and Genius."

I stood silently before it, a tide of memories rushing over me, till, looking up, I beheld Nora standing in the doorway, her large eyes full of tears, her lips parted, her hands clasped convulsively, her soul seemingly drinking in eagerly every line, every feature of the picture before me.

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"My good angel, my kind benefactress, how can I ever thank you—how ever tell how much I love and bless you? I owe *everything* to you—home, friends, and happiness. I shudder to think what I should have been without you. What I am, you have made me. Dear, dear Lute, may God bless and repay you, for I can only love you."

She turned to Mr. Clarence then, the roses chasing each other over her lovely face, and her voice trembled as she said:

"And next to my good angel and to God, am I grateful to you. Through all these long years, I have never forgotten your kindness to me—the good words and encouraging smiles you always gave me. I cannot reward you, but, in my heart, I shall always pray for, and bless you."

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"Mr. Clarence," I broke out suddenly, as he sat reading one afternoon: "Nora is looking so pale and thin of late, that I fear she is going to be ill. Can't I prevail on you to take her out riding? I think it would do her good."

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"If I only knew how much you love Leonora Glenn? As if I *didn't* know it, Edgar Clarence, all the while you have been nursing your secret so jealously. Why do you not tell her so?" looking mischievously into his face.

"Because she doesn't love me, Mrs. Farley—because, through gratitude, she would give me her hand, when her heart is elsewhere. Why does she avoid me, if it is not because she knows I love her? No, no, do not ask me to pain her, by offering her a heart she can never prize? His lips were white; his eyes moistened.

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A Word to Husbands.

BY ELIZABETH.

"Isn't this a beautiful little picture, dear, and just the thing to fill up that corner? Cousin Lottie gave it to me; it is her own painting, and I had it framed yesterday."

"I don't know," replied the tender spouse, "I can't see any use in such things, for my part, everything costs so much money. I think, if the dollar you gave for that, had been spent for a bushel of wheat, or something really useful, it might amount to something."

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Mary Grey! it was a sweet name, and one that James Brown had often admired, when it belonged to the young girl, beautiful and glad in her sunny youth, whom he had wooed and won; but now, time had faded the full round cheek, and scattered her furrows on the open brow, and the silver threads twined with the still glossy waves of her hair told plainer than words, that the cares and conflicts of life had left waymarks which could never be effaced. But, were these the reasons why James Brown did not appreciate the feelings of his wife? Oh no! that could not be; but, sometimes she used to think, (how could she help it?) of the tender look and manner he always used towards her before her marriage, and while she was a young wife. As to "err is human," she was doubtless sometimes in error. She might have mistaken his perplexities in business and absorbing cares for coldness and neglect; he might not have dreamed, as she charitably believed he did not, (while she failed to draw out his better heart,) that he was crushing a

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The "honey-moon" lasted as long with them as it does with most married pairs—then all the energies of the husband were turned toward securing a livelihood. Faithfully they labored—he and his wife—and all their efforts were blessed, till they had abundance. To meet all the expenses of a "rainy day," James Brown, as is common with other men, became gradually so absorbed in business, that his desire for "laying by," came home with him to his meals—sat by him, as he read his paper—stared him in his face, when he wanted to frolic with his children—and, finally, sometimes stepped between him and the loving words he owed his wife. He didn't always think, as business pressed and hurried him—how much the happiness of loved ones depended upon little thoughts, *looked when not spoken*—tender acts that amount to nothing, excepting to those who crave them, and whose happy home they help to make up. James Brown, with his manly, striving heart, forgot this; but there came a time when sickness and misfortune laid him upon a bed of suffering, and he then desired the little attentions he had not thought to give—and they were ready for him, too—for the wife who had longed for, and

craved them in vain all her life, was by his bedside, always ready to minister to the wants of his heart, as to those of his body; he saw her then in the true light, and he blessed God, with a soul full of gratitude, for the true friend who had been with him alike in prosperity and adversity—so that they both had cause to acknowledge that their last days were their best days, and their evening of life was gilded by the rays of a bright and cloudless sunset.

Come Home.

BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

Come to thy home again, beloved friend,
Too long thy feet have strayed,
Far from its gentle influence, in lands
Beneath the palm-tree's shade.

The light has gone with thee;—the joy and peace;
And sorrow sits alone
In the deserted room and dear old chair,
That were so long thy own.

The wind sighs sadly through the old elm-tree,
The bright flowers droop and die,
The thrush and robin sing in mournful strains;—
Thou, brother, art not by.

Thou art not happy in that distant clime,
Ah! no, we wot full well;
Thy spirit yearns once more to cross the sea,
Once more at home to dwell.

Then hasten, dear one. Home will glow again
In former beauty bright;
It only needs thy sunny spirit here,
To change the gloom to light.

Sydney's Last Freight.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"UNCLE Edward! Uncle Edward!" The syllables leaped along a quick, young, vibrative voice, with a little touch of sweetness and tenderness that clung to the vowels, and which is always such a key-note to the character.

The gentleman laid down the Times, and looked up, as a small, slender, girlish figure came hurriedly across the room, and stood by his side.

He was a man of fine presence and portly figure, as he sat there in his cashmere dressing gown and crimson slippers. I think he scarcely looked his years, for they were full fifty, and a light sifting of gray hairs amid his locks, and a few heavy marks about the eyes, were all

the traces of years that one could find about Edward Willoughby.

His face was large, the features rather thin, and well cut. There was something a little hard and stern about the countenance, and which made it not quite a pleasant—very far from a benign face.

I cannot tell whether this hardness consisted in the configuration of the face, or whether it was in the expression of the cold, clear, gray eyes, or about the mouth, or whether it was a part of all these.

The little girl by his side looked precisely her age, which was fourteen. There were intangible, unmistakable traces of "family likeness" betwixt the Uncle's face and the niece's, but the latter was soft and oval in outline, and delicate enough to make one almost fear that it indicated a fragile constitution; but the plump, finely moulded figure did not confirm the fear.

The eyes were a clear, deep blue—not a cold, ocean-blue, however, but a warm lake-blue, when the waters are suddenly kindled by a rising sun. The mouth was like twin cherries, and was mounted with two dimples, which gave the smiles which were forever flitting in and out of it a certain archness of expression.

Her hair was a ground tone of deep brown, but it had rifts and changes of light, and a little ripple across the front bands which was just a faint suggestion of curls. Altogether, that face was a young, bright, sweet one, which might have gladdened all who looked on it.

"Well, Wealthy, what is it now?"

"I've been up garret, Uncle Edward, searching in the old brown oak chest to find some kind of an embroidered cap that I can wear at the tableaux to-night. You know I'm to be Washington's mother, and to wear a great steeple-crown cap, and a grey satin dress.

The gentleman smiled down fondly on the pretty prattler. He kept his choicest, sweetest smile for the child, and it was one that fairly transfigured the stern face.

"Well, little chatterbox, what did you come upon in this voyage of discovery?"

"I've got it here," holding up her small, tightly-closed hand a moment; then she opened it, and slipped into her uncle's a small, oval gold locket, inside of which was a miniature of a young man, whose life could not have climbed far beyond its twentieth birthday. The face was a handsome one, and it bore a faint family likeness to Edward Willoughby's. It was full of youth, and health, and brightness; and yet there was a looseness about the lips, and a general want of moral force in its character,

which an acute physiognomist would have detected very soon.

Edward Willoughby glanced down on the open locket, and caught a glimpse of the face inside. He dropped it on the carpet as though it had been a coal of fire. The veins rose into great blue knots on his forehead, his lips grew white, and his voice was low in its excitement and wrath, as he exclaimed—"How dared you, Wealthy Lockwood, bring *that* to me."

The child stood still a moment, in white amazement; then a quick, convulsive sob leaped out from her throat, as the tears did from her eyes—"Oh, uncle, I didn't know—I didn't mean to do anything wrong!" she gasped.

The sight of his niece's distress calmed the man at once; he lifted her up, and seated her on his knee, and laid her head on his shoulder, and stroked her dark, bright hair, while the frightened sobs shook the small figure, as reeds by a river are shaken in the night wind.

"Don't cry any more." The man's voice was soothing as a mother's singing her lullaby by the cradle of her half slumbering child. "Uncle didn't mean to speak harshly to his pet; he knows she wasn't to blame about the matter, and she wouldn't have brought that picture here for the world, if she had understood. Now, look up, dear, and kiss me."

She put up the little twin rosebuds to the man's cheek, and wound her arm about his neck; and he hugged her to his heart in a way which said she was the most precious thing to him on earth.

There was a long silence; at last it was broken by a whisper, fluttering and half-frightened, so that you could not have heard it a few feet from the speaker.

"Uncle, what does it all mean?"

The man started and winced. "Don't ask me, Wealthy, I can't tell you." There was pain, agony, in the tones.

"But can't you tell me who *that* is?" softly persisted the little girl.

There was a brief pause. Then, Edward Willoughby lifted up the girl's head from his shoulder, and looking her in the face, spoke in a tone which sent a chill of awe over her.

"I never meant to tell you, Wealthy, if I could help it, because I did not want to cloud your happy girlhood with one shadow of sorrow or shame. But now you have come upon that picture, which I should have ground to ashes years ago, if I had known it lay under this roof; it seems as though I could not avoid telling you the truth; and then, there is a pos-

sibility that you might learn it in the course of your life from other persons, and in a more painful way."

He added these last words more to himself than the child, and then there fell another silence, so deep and unbroken that the ticking of the clock on the mantel sounded loud and imperative.

"Uncle?" the word scarcely rose above a whisper, but there was a great deal of trembling eagerness and entreaty in it.

"Well, Wealthy, the face down there," his glance grazed the locket on the carpet with mingled pain and loathing, "is that of your Uncle Sydney."

"What, your brother and mamma's?" The dark eyes widened with wonder.

"He was once—not now."

"Why, is he dead, Uncle Edward?"

"I wish I could tell you—yes."

"Oh, uncle!"

The girl shuddered, and there came a shocked expression over her face.

"What did you ever hear about him, Wealthy?"

"Only that he was older than you, and was a strange person, and had gone away to South America years ago. Was he a bad man, uncle?"

"A very bad man, my child!"

"What did he do?" with another shudder, and drawing closer to her uncle.

"He was in business, Wealthy, with an old friend of our father's, and was induced to enter into some heavy speculations; and he robbed me of half my fortune, and then he forged his partner's name for forty thousand dollars!"

"Oh, uncle, what became of him?" the girl was shivering now, from head to foot, as she listened to her uncle's story.

"His crimes were discovered at last, and though, for the sake of our dead parents, and the name he had disgraced, I left no means nor expense untried to save him, he was sentenced for ten years to the State's Prison."

"And he was your brother and my mother's," sobbed the girl.

"Wealthy, never say that word to me again. Years ago I discarded the name."

"And—and did he stay *there* all that time?"

"No; for the sake of the family his friends were uncensuring in their efforts to get him pardoned. They succeeded, after he had been in prison five years."

"And did you see him after he came out?"

"Never! do you think I would have looked upon his face after he had branded it with a

criminal's name—after he had spent five years of his prime in a prisoner's cell?"

"And—and have you never heard from him since?"

"Never."

"And you will never see him again?"

"Never."

"Did mamma know of all this, Uncle Edward?"

"Yes; and it was this knowledge, more than disease, which sent her to her grave."

Wealthy Lockwood did not ask any more questions. She sat very still, with the slow tears rolling down her face.

Her uncle bent down and looked at her. "We will never speak of this again, my child. His name must never cross your lips while you live. Dry up your tears, be happy, and forget what I have told you," and then Edward Willoughby wiped the girl's eyes, as mothers do those of little children; and when the smiles had come back to the sweet face, he lifted her to her feet, caught up the locket, which lay on the floor, and thrust it into the grate fire, as though it had been a viper.

Mr. Willoughby was a childless widower, and he had adopted his orphan niece by the bedside of her dying mother. He was a man of stern integrity and inflexible will—not a man of many gentle and generous affections, and one who had little pity or charity for the faults of others.

His pride was indomitable, and this had been nursed in the atmosphere of the old and exclusive family whose name he bore, and which had stood before the world without spot or blemish.

He had but one brother, and Sydney was much the greater general favorite, on account of his vivacity and fine social qualities. He was impulsive and warm hearted, but his character lacked a foundation of good principles; and when he found himself involved in great pecuniary responsibilities and difficulties—difficulties incurred by his own mismanagement and recklessness, he had, in an hour of sore temptation, embezzled a large sum from his brother.

Of course, he quieted his conscience with the sophistries men like him always use on such occasions.

"The speculation would pay in a few months, that was a moral certainty. Then he would return the money to his brother with interest, and nobody would be the loser."

And of course, the matter did not end here. One embezzlement was followed by another—

one act of fraud made another necessary, until at last, driven to desperation, Sydney Willoughby forged the name of the senior party of his house for a large amount.

He was very adroit, and for a long time successful in his management to avert suspicion, and the forgeries had been several times repeated before the slightest doubt of his integrity was entertained.

But discovery was, of course, sooner or later inevitable; and it came, suddenly breaking, in a fearful tempest of disgrace and misery, on the man's head.

It was well that three years before his fair young wife had laid down where neither the wrath or execration heaped on her husband's head could break her slumber—it was well their brown-eyed boy had followed his mother a year later. His brother's defalcation was a terrible blow to Edward Willoughby. The thought that his proud old family name was a bye-word and a shame, drove his proud spirit almost to madness.

He had, as he told his niece, left no means untried to save his brother from the penalties of the law; but he never saw him after the trial, never allowed his name to pass his lips, except to the friends who, for his family's sake, made such strenuous, and, at last, successful efforts to secure the pardon of Sydney Willoughby. His brother, however, refused to see him before he sailed for South America, and for five years his name had never been uttered in his presence.

CHAPTER II.

"There is a gentleman wants to see you, Miss Wealthy."

The fingers which were flying like a flock of snow birds up and down the piano keys, paused a moment.

"To see me, Betty?" a little impatience palpitated along the tones.

"Yes, Miss; he said Miss Wealthy Lockwood. He looks like a poor, broken-down sort of gentleman," added the sagacious domestic.

"I haven't but just an hour to learn that new air," tossing back the music-book rather impatiently, and turning toward the parlor.

The man who rose from the sofa to meet Wealthy Lockwood looked more than his years, and they were fifty-three. His hair was mostly gray—his face was thin and worn, partly from ill-health, partly from the remorse which had slowly eaten out his life; still, there was something gentlemanlike in his address, which at once won attention and inspired interest.

As Wealthy Lockwood approached the visitor, her blue eyes suddenly filled with curiosity; he rose up and looked in her face with a long, strange, thirsty gaze, and his thin, sallow face grew white as his looks.

He gave the little girl his hand, and she saw that it cost him no slight effort to speak to her. "Forgive me; but your face looked so much like one that I knew and loved once, that it fairly overwhelmed me."

Wealthy stood still, without speaking, her wondering eyes fastened on the man.

"Oh, your face is like your mother's!" his gray eyes eagerly searching through every line and lineament.

"Did you know her, sir?" asked the astonished child.

"My child, your mother was my only sister."

Wealthy turned pale and staggered back; she comprehended it all now, and for a moment a great dread came over her, and she was on the point of rushing from the room; but a sight of that pale, sorrowful face held her back.

"You have heard of your Uncle Sydney?" said the man.

Wealthy bowed—she could not speak; and he saw by her face that she knew the great shame of his life.

"You have your mother's eyes, your mother's smile—all your mother's face; and *she* loved me. She was thirteen years younger than I, and I carried her, my little golden-haired sister, in these arms, through half her babyhood. How proud I was of her, how fondly she clung to me—my little sister, May Willoughby!"

He said these words in such a mournful tone that the little, warm heart of Wealthy Lockwood was touched. The tears filled her eyes with mist.

"My little niece," said her uncle; I have come to ask a favor of you for your dead mother's sake, I shall lie where she is in a little while, and you will not refuse to do me this one small, last favor I shall ask of you?"

"Not if I can."

"I want to see my brother once before I die. I know he will refuse my prayer, but they tell me *you* have more influence over him than any one in the wide world, and so I have come to you to aid me."

"But I don't dare to do *that*," exclaimed Wealthy, in a rapid, excited way, as though the very thought frightened her. "He won't allow me even to mention your name."

A look of such despair went over the man's pallid face, that Wealthy was touched again.

"I would do anything for you that I could,"

she said, drawing nearer to her uncle, and only remembering that her mother loved him.

"But this, I know, wouldn't be of any use."

"That is what they all told me," he said, "and yet I couldn't give it up. Stern and proud as Edward is, and deep as I have wronged him, I know he has a heart. Oh, my child, I cannot die in peace until I have looked upon his face, until I have asked his forgiveness. If he could only be made to look back for a few moments on the old boy-days, when we played and slept together, and our mother used to come with her soft, light tread up the back stairs to hear us say our prayers; if he could only be made to look back on the times when he went skating on the pond, and one day the ice broke, and I pulled him out—if he could only be made to stand face to face with those old times, his heart would grow once more like a brother's toward me. There is nobody but you who can help me in this matter, my little niece, and if you will you shall have the dying blessing of a sinful, repentant old man."

Wealthy's soul was filled with pity for her uncle. "I will do all I can for you," she said, with a sob in her throat.

A flash of joy went over the sick man's face. "My dear child," he said, laying his hand tenderly on her bright head, "may God bless you for those words. When shall I come?"

"I can't tell; but I will send you word if— if I can do this thing for you."

He took out a pencil and card, and wrote his address.

"Now I must go," he said, speaking feebly, as though the excitement had quite worn him out. "I wish you would call me Uncle Sydney once; it would be a sweet sound coming from the lips of May's child."

"My Uncle Sydney," answered the soft, tremulous voice of the little girl.

Sydney Willoughby bent down and kissed his niece, and she saw now that he was too much overcome for words, and they parted in silence.

CHAPTER III.

"What makes my little girl so sober?" asked Mr. Willoughby, as he stood on the rug, warming his back at the grate fire; and he looked down on his niece, as she sat on an ottoman, with her cheek, soft as the flush of half-ripened apricots, pillowed on her hand.

Wealthy's eyes were on the bright coal fire. A great struggle was going on in her heart.

It gave a quick throb now, one that she felt

in every fibre of her figure, for she knew the time had come to execute her purpose.

"Something has happened this afternoon, Uncle Edward to make me feel sober."

"What is it—get up here and tell me," lifting her to her feet, and taking the small dimpled chin in the hollow of his palm. "Any trouble with your lessons?"

"Oh, no! something more serious than that—something *very* serious," blindly feeling her way.

"Well, what is it? Let's have it at once!" It cost Wealthy a great struggle, but the little, tender heart was full of pity for the sick, sinning man, who was her mother's brother.

She lifted her eyes to her uncle's face, and her voice was calm amid the quick throbs of her heart.

"Uncle Edward, who do you think has been here this afternoon?"

"I can't imagine, my child."

"Your brother—my Uncle Sydney."

Edward Willoughby's face grew livid, he brought down his clenched hand on the mantel with a terrible oath. It was the first Wealthy Lockwood had ever heard from his lips. No wonder that she cowered down pale and frightened.

"How dared that villain cross my threshold!" exclaimed Edward Willoughby, betwixt his set teeth.

"He came because he is a dying man, Uncle Edward, and he wants to look upon your face once more before the sods cover him over."

"Never! I have sworn it, Wealthy. He is no brother of mine—he has blasted his name, and blighted my life, and laid your mother in the grave, where she sleeps to-night. I will never look upon his face."

He did not speak excitedly now, but in that calm, slow, determined voice, which gave one less to hope than any anger would have done.

"But, uncle, if mamma was here now—if she could rise up from the grave—she would say to you, 'See him, Edward, before he dies.'"

A little spasm went over the man's stern face, for those blue, pleading eyes had the look of his sister's.

"Wealthy, not even for the sake of the dead will I break my vow."

"But, Uncle Edward, if it was a wrong vow it is better to break than to keep it. And then, he will die in a little while—I saw that plain enough in his pale face and trembling steps; and it will not make the rest of your years happier to remember that you refused his

last prayer. I know how he has wronged and disgraced you; but then, he was your little brother once, with whom you laughed, and played, and climbed trees, and skated, and went nutting in the fall, and fishing in the summer, and did all those wonderful things that boys are always at. And *his* mother loved him, too. I know she was a good, sweet woman, for I've heard you say so a thousand times; and I know you must have seen her fingers play with his curls, that are gray now, just as you have said she played with yours. I know she was as proud, once, of her little boy Sydney, as she was of his brother Edward; and though he has brought shame and disgrace upon himself and all who once loved him—still, if she, too, could rise up from the grave to-night she'd look at you with her sorrowful eyes, and say, 'He was *my* boy, and *your* brother, Edward.'"

Great drops had gathered on the brow, ashen with its agony. The stern man sank into a chair, and a groan burst from his lips—"Don't, Wealthy, don't!"

But the heart of the child had gained courage with every word; she drew closer to her uncle, and held his hand in her two small, soft ones.

"They would all say it, Uncle Edward, if they were here to-night, instead of lying cold and silent in their graves, where they cannot speak to you—grandfather, grandma, and mamma—they would all say, 'See him before he dies, Edward.'"

There was another groan, and Wealthy Lockwood felt the struggle which shook the strong man from head to foot.

"And, uncle, you know what *He* would say who taught us to forgive our trespassers as we would be forgiven. I am a little girl to say this to you, I know; but it was your lips that first taught me the prayer; and when you come to lie down where poor, wicked Uncle Sydney must lie in a little while, you won't be angry to think you listened to what I said, nor sorry to remember that God will not have laid it to your account that your brother went to his grave, and you would not let him ask you to forgive him!"

The child ceased. It had seemed to her while she talked, as though another spirit had inspired her words—another voice spoken through her lips; and now she stood still in white, trembling excitement.

The silence was a long one. It seemed endless to the little girl, although the hour hand only crept past five of the little stars which marked the minutes.

Edward Willoughby sat still, his face shielded by his hands. What went on in the soul of the strong, proud man at that time, his niece never knew. She only felt his frame shrink and shiver with the emotions which convulsed it.

At last he looked up. His lips were white, his forehead knotted with blue, swollen veins, but his voice was low and calm as he said—
"Wealthy, you may tell your Uncle Sydney that I will see him to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock."

"Uncle Edward, he is in the parlor."

He was standing by the fire-place as his niece came toward him with this message; and she knew that there was no need of giving this information to him.

He had been silent and abstracted at dinner, and as the time drew near for Edward Willoughby to meet the brother upon whose face he had not gazed for seventeen years, he grew pale and nervous, and glanced restlessly at the clock, and tapped the carpet impatiently with his foot. And Wealthy knew that her uncle's ear was strained to catch the ring of the door-bell, and that a tremor seized him when its faint, quick summons came up at last, to the room where they sat in silent expectation.

Edward Willoughby walked up and down the room once or twice, as though it was costing him a great effort to retain his self-composure; and then he turned and went toward the parlor without speaking a word.

"Edward!"

"Sydney!"

And he who spoke the first name rose up; but his emotions and his bodily weakness overcame the man. He sank back upon the sofa. And with the sight of that pale face, and that silver head, all anger and bitterness went out of the soul of Edward Willoughby.

He did not see before him the criminal who had disgraced his name and blighted his life, but the bright, generous, dearly beloved brother of his boyhood, his companion by night and by day, his chiefest pride, and joy, and happiness.

And Edward Willoughby sprang forward and put his arms around his brother, and for a time the still dropping of their tears was all the sound which the listening angel heard.

At length the sick man looked up: "Brother," he said, "I have not brought my stained name, and my blighted life to trouble you for long.

I only wanted to look on your face once more before I died."

"Don't speak of dying, Sydney; we'll have you a well man again."

The invalid shook his head, and as his brother looked in the sick man's face, he felt that it was too late—that a foreign climate, and hardship, and exposure, and above all, that the slow eating of remorse into his soul had done their work, and that the days of Sydney Willoughby on earth were few.

The sick man never left his brother's house from that hour. The sudden joy of meeting and reconciliation had taxed too deeply the feeble springs of his life.

Day by day his strength failed, and though he lacked no ministrations which love and wealth could devise, it was too late for his constitution to recuperate.

Edward Willoughby scarcely left his brother's bedside. There was little allusion to painful memories, but the two men wandered over the years which lay blackened and shrivelled in their thoughts, to the green highways of their childhood, and the sweet-flowing springs of their youth; and all the old tenderness for his brother poured its broad, deep current through the melted soul of Edward Willoughby.

Blessed memories of their father, and mother, and fair young sister—of the old homestead and the old friends, came back to both the men, and they talked of them through the day and away into the night, until the invalid's failing strength rendered silence necessary.

And Wealthy was always in that sick room, and her sweet young face, saddened into pity, and her soft young voice, were a perpetual gladness to both her uncles.

But at last the end came! It was evident to all those who beheld the last days of Sydney Willoughby that he repented, in true humility of soul, of the great sins of his life; and when he felt the "cool waving of the banner of the King of Death" across his temples, he grasped his brother's hands, and gasped, "Edward, I believe that God, in His great mercy, has forgiven me all, and that I am going to our household—to our father, and mother, and Mary, in Heaven; and when I meet them there, face to face, may I say to them, 'Edward forgave me all before I left him?'"

"I forgive you all, Sydney!" A deep sob preceded the words—a deeper followed it.

And Sydney Willoughby's life went out from the coasts of time, carrying those words with it as mariners carry homeward precious freight, "I forgive you all, Sydney."

The Deacon's Dream.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THERE had always been a pious vein about Deacon Elwood. It showed itself in him when a mere boy. He would play at prayer meeting, if he could get the little ones to join him, while other lads amused themselves with ball or some such worldly pastime. Not that he was less selfish, or more self-denying than his companions. But his fancy led him in this direction, or, perhaps, something more deeply ingrained. It might have been that this pious vein of which we have spoken—not in any lightness, but to indicate a peculiarity—was an intimation of the after life-use for which, in the great complex of uses, he was best fitted by nature.

Be this as it may, young Elwood always shewed a leaning toward the church, and, at an early age, became a member. And it must be said, on his behalf, that, as a young man, he maintained a good character. No one could point to lapses from virtue or integrity, nor even to the follies that so often throw a shade over young men's lives. Fathers pointed him out to their sons as an example.

There was a time when Elwood thought seriously of becoming a minister; and if his father, a money-loving and money-making man, had favored the inclination, he would have been a preacher instead of a trader. But old Mr. Elwood had rather a poor opinion of the pulpit—viewed from a worldly point, and as a profession—and there was enough of the inherited love of money in his son to make him clear-sighted as to his father's argument on the subject. So his first love was abandoned for a second and more ardent love.

Still he remained a church-loving man, uniting himself with his brethren in the faith at an early period in life, and standing always in an advanced position. He led in prayer-meetings and other assemblages, and took an active interest in all religious matters. While still a young man, he was chosen to fill the office of deacon. It was a day of pleasing self-congratulation, when news of the appointment reached him. He felt it as a compliment, and yet not an undeserved one. His ambition had looked this way, and it was gratified. "Deacon Elwood." It had a pleasant sound in his ears, "Deacon Elwood." How often it was repeated in his mind for months after the honor crowned his brows—"Deacon Elwood." How many times, as he held pen in hand, did these two

words drop down upon white paper, and lie there in his own clear chirography, a pleasant thing to look upon.

In all church matters the Deacon was formal, pious, observant and active. With him resided a controlling power in most of the temporalities, as they were called. He was the minister's nearest friend and adviser, and that individual had learned the propriety of humoring him, where no principle of action was involved. In time, Deacon Elwood came to consider himself as not only a pillar in the church, but as equal to a dozen ordinary pillars. He could not see how it was possible, without his active care and watchfulness, for the congregation to be held together. As to his fitness for heaven, that was not a question in the Deacon's mind. It had been settled long ago. If he was not a fair subject for heaven, the world was to be pitied. If he didn't pass through the pearly gates in the last time, who, then, would be saved?

But we must come to the Deacon's dream. A certain minister, sojourning, had been asked to occupy, for a single time, the pulpit in our Deacon's church. Now, it matters not how well a minister may preach, we are very apt to grow inattentive to his positions and arguments, however fairly assumed and lucidly presented, if we listen to him Sabbath after Sabbath for a long time. His words do not come to us with the same clearness of meaning that they did in the beginning, when a certain newness in the man made us hang more earnestly upon what he said. The peculiarities of style that pleased us at first, and even quickened our interest, have come to be felt as tiresome mannerisms. We take his instruction as wide generalities, but rarely understand them in any direct application to our own lives.

This had come to be very much the case with our Deacon's minister—at least so far as the Deacon was concerned. As to doctrine, he felt himself quite as well posted as the minister; and as to sermonizing, which related mainly to the admonition of sinners, and reproofs of believers for their backslidings and neglect of duties, he had no concern in them, and quite as often spent the church hour in dreaming over his business, as in meditating points of theology.

But a new minister was to fill the pulpit, and Deacon Elwood went to church on that fair Sabbath, with ears quickened for hearing. The sermon was not was is called doctrinal, but practical, and went a little deeper down into a consideration of the life of professors than is usual. Professors being generally re-

* From the New York Ledger.

garded as on the safe side, our ministers give their most serious attention to sinners, and try to get them over on to solid ground. On this occasion, however, the saints got a pretty thorough consideration of their case, and it was not, in all respects, flattering to their self-complacency. There were a few sentences that rather disturbed our good Deacon's composure, and he took them home with him. Let us consider them as well. The minister said:

"It is not piety that saves a man; there must be charity as well. It isn't love to God alone that opens heaven; there must be genuine love of the neighbor; Sabbath worship, church ordinances, tithes, mint and cummin, will avail nothing to the soul's salvation, if the weightier matters of the law are neglected. Nay, they will be rather as mill-stones about the neck, to sink your souls to perdition. What are these weightier matters of the law? They are justice and judgment, not external forms of worship. They belong almost entirely to your lives in business and among men, and but remotely, so to speak, to your specifically religious lives. And it is by your states as to the every-day life, rather than by your states as to the Sunday life, that you will be judged in the last time. And I solemnly warn you, as God's messenger, to see to it, that the oil of true neighborly love be in your lamps and vessels, when the cry is heard, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh!'

"Let your thought, my dear Christian friends, go forward for a few years—to some of you it may only be a few days—to that time when the eyes of these natural and perishing bodies shall close in darkness, and the inner eyes of the spirit shall open upon the world of eternal verities. When God's angels shall come to you, and looking down through all disguises, explore you as to the quality of your lives—as to your love, as well as your faith. What my friend," and it seemed to Deacon Elwood as if the preacher looked right at him, as he leaned forward over the pulpit, and spoke in a low, thrilling voice, "do the angels find in the hidden interiors of your life? Love of the neighbor and love of God? or their dark opposites, love of the world and love of self? Do not turn away from the question. It concerns you deeply to know the truth. What affections do most rule in your minds? Take the six days of each week, and from the record of these days answer the question, and, as you value your soul's eternal happiness, answer it faithfully. Heaven is a state of mutual love—a state in which no angel seeks his own good and happiness, but the good and

happiness of others. Are you a godly man? Your brethren say yes; but to be godly is to be God-like. And God is ever seeking to bless others. How is it with you, taking this standard? I press the question. How is it with you, my friend? Are you angel-like and God-like? If not, your external devotion to the church, your good name among your brethren, your pious observances and well-ordered prayers, will help you nothing in that last time when the Lord comes to make up his jewels."

It seemed to Deacon Elwood, as the minister leaned over the pulpit, speaking in a low, penetrating voice, which met no obstruction in the hushed room, that he was speaking to him alone. He had never felt so strangely impressed by a sermon in all his life. One thought, in particular, haunted him: it was that of being examined by the pure angels after death, in regard to the quality of his life. He did not feel altogether satisfied as to the condition in which they would find his more interior affections. The Deacon's Sunday dinner was always a good one, and, as his appetite was not very greatly disturbed by the sermon, strongly as some portions of it had taken hold of his thoughts, he did not spare the "creature comforts." After dinner, the Sunday nap succeeded as usual, and in that temporary oblivion as to outward things, came a dream that, while it lasted, proved a most agonizing ordeal to the Deacon. We will relate it in his own words:

"I thought," said he, "that my hour had come. But I was tranquil. I had been a church member for a great many years, and had been a servant of the church for nearly the whole of that period. God's grace was my ark of safety. I trusted in my Redeemer. And so, peacefully, I laid myself down and slept, trusting to awake in His righteousness.

"Consciousness came back again, though after how long a period I could not tell. But this I knew—I had passed from the natural to the spiritual world. I lay as one half awakened, or as in a trance, with thought clear, yet with no power of motion. Close by my head sat two angels. I did not see them, but I heard them talking together. They were the angels appointed to attend on my entrance into the spiritual world. The state of my soul was the subject of their conversation. I was soon alive with interest in regard to their judgment. Nothing of what I had done in the world, or thought, or said—nothing as to the doctrines I had believed—was referred to, or considered. It was the state of my affections, or of my 'life's love,' as they called it. They looked into my

spirit, searching for neighborly love. A low chill went creeping through my bosom, as I heard a sweet, sad voice murmur—

“‘There is only love of the world here.’

“And I knew that it was so; for then I saw myself as I had never seen myself before. All my life had been one ever-out-reaching desire for the things of this world—for its wealth, its natural blessings, and even its honors. All through the six days of each week I had sought *my own* worldly good; and on the Sabbath that crowned the week, sought, in pious acts, to secure *my own* salvation. My neighbor had not been in all my thoughts.

“‘Only love of the world,’ I heard sighed back by the companion-angel, ‘instead of neighborly love.’

“‘And if there is only love of the world,’ said the angel who had first spoken, ‘there can be no love of God; for if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?’

“‘Only love of self and love of the world,’ sighed the second angel; ‘and heaven is a state of love to God and the neighbor. We must depart from him, and let the evil spirits approach who are in a state similar to his own. I thought to have borne this newly-risen soul in joy upwards to the presence of God; but we must leave it to its own.’

“And then I heard them departing. Oh, what anguish of soul was mine! Thus had I awakened to eternal verities. The angels who had been appointed to receive my soul, and bear it heavenward, found in it no heavenly life, and they had left me to the companionship of devils! Now I felt a dark shadow stealing over me. The evil spirits were approaching, and in the horror of the moment I started from sleep.”

A thoughtful man was Deacon Elwood for a long time after that alarming vision. Dreams are of various kinds—fantastic, for the most part—yet sometimes of Providence, and significative. The Deacon was never in doubt as to the character of his dream. It was the most telling sermon ever addressed to him, and most fruitful in genuine good. He looked down deeper into his heart after that, than he had ever looked before, and understood how gross had been the naturalism in which he had lived, even while self-congratulant on the score of spiritual-mindedness. When the angels appointed to receive his spirit, as it rises into the eternal world at death, examine him as to his quality, may they find that true love of God and the neighbor which alone makes heaven.

A Hint to Wives.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

ONE of the greatest annoyances of life is waiting. Not waiting alone for great events to “turn up”—great hopes to be realized; but how tiresome are the thousand petty waitings to which, in the economy of things, we are subjected, and which, many times, are needless.

Some people are always behind time, and make everybody connected with them—wait.

Women, I think, have more modes of exercising one's patience in this way than men: so those husbands who are often subjected to the torture of waiting can make a merit of necessity, by regarding it as a discipline in that virtue.

Indeed, patience has been represented under the figure of a man

“Sitting on an ottoman,

Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on.”

That man was a philosopher who composed a book in the intervals of waiting for his wife to dress. But this preliminary waiting is but a tithe of that to which a husband may be subjected after going out—waiting in shops for her to turn over silks and laces she does not intend to buy—waiting for her to chat with her acquaintances about the latest style of bonnet, the last party or wedding—or one to come—or some other feminine topic.

At the close of a party, visit, or other gathering, it is her custom to make him wait for five, ten, or fifteen minutes, as the case may be—they seem ten times that length to him—standing, with uneasy countenance and gestures, changing feet as though to let off some of his pent up impatience, while she says *last words* to the other women, whose husbands are undergoing a like rack.

“When are you coming to see me?

When are you coming to see me?

They all do talk, but none agree.”

How common it is to see men exercised in this way—and they are considered very unreasonable if they remonstrate. Notice this phenomenon the next time you see men and women met together, and I think you will conclude that, though it may be sport to one party, as in the fable of the frogs, it is not so to both.

Uncle Tim says (he is a bachelor) that the best expedient for having life seem long, is to marry a wife who will always be making one wait—wait for his meals, wait for his “things” to be got ready when he is going from home, wait when she is going on a visit, and wait

when she is coming home from one—or ought to be.

By this means, he says, one may find existence considerably stretched—in places—and his patience subjected to like tension.

Every seeming trial, he says, has its uses, and even a laggard wife may serve the end of lengthening the mortal tether—in effect.

Nothing but Money.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. IV.

NEARLY all the afternoon, on that first day of Lydia Guy's introduction to the reader, did she sit with idle hands, dreamy eyes, and lips just touched with a shade of sadness. The stream of her life, which had, since her marriage, been dancing along musically in the sunshine, all at once left the open fields and gentle declivities, losing itself in sluggish pools that widened and diverged, and hid their dark depths under thick, shadowing trees, and tangling brake. She could look forward in sweet hope no longer. There was cloud, and obscuring night, on all the future, that a little while ago had been so full of promise. The life into which her consciousness was opening had a strange, repellant aspect; and a shudder crept into her heart as she tried to see light and beauty ahead, but could make out nothing, distinctly, among the gloomy shadows that obstructed her vision.

Must all beauty, all gentle charity, all the soul's loving worship of things that dwell in regions above mere sordidness, or hard, accumulative actuality, be crushed out? No wonder that a shudder crept through her heart! No wonder she sat with idle hands through that afternoon, trying to comprehend all that was meant by this new relation in which she found herself standing to life. Was money—property—material wealth—the greatest good? Did it comprehend all worth living for? Must everything else be cast down for its enthronement—beauty—friendship—charity—love—all the heart's riches? Was she not to have a flower, even, because it was no money-producing, or money-saving instrument? or, worse still, in the eyes of her husband, fostered taste, and a love of the mere beautiful, which were expensive attributes.

The heart of Lydia Guy rebelled against all this. If such were her husband's requirements, she did not see how it was possible for

them to draw any nearer in spirit—to grow into that sweet oneness of life which her maiden fancies had loved to dwell upon as including the highest of human felicities. Her talk with Lena in the morning in no way tended to reconcile her to this change in the programme of life. How sharply in contrast stood the character of her husband with that of Doctor Hodland? What a light seemed to hover over the home of her friend, while cloud-shadows were gathering in the sky that arched above her.

A few warm words had passed between Lydia and her husband at dinner-time, and he had gone away with a stern, admonitory sentence on his lips. He had spoken with authority, and left a spirit of rebellion in the heart of his wife. The law of force had come in, setting aside the law of love, and sweet compliance was at an end. Foolish man! Blind, weak, besotted man! For what dross was he bartering the rich red gold of life!

Not with a light step, that gave to every motion a grace, as on the afternoon of the day before, when Lydia made preparation for her husband's coming at twilight, did she move, now, as the shadows began to lengthen, in the work of providing their evening repast. A heavy heart makes the feet heavy.

Adam Guy was not a man from whose feelings any ripple passed quickly. All disturbances went down deeply, and surged to and fro for a long time after the cause had ceased. It must be remarked, however, that he was susceptible of disturbance only in the direction of his avaricious cupidities. Lay your hand on these, and he felt the jar long and profoundly. Assault these in never so small a degree, and sympathy, pity, tenderness toward the assailant, even humanity, died out instantly. He was armed and guarded at every point.

And so, Adam Guy's feelings did not soften toward his young wife during the few hours that elapsed from the time of his parting with her at mid-day, until he met her again in the first fall of twilight shadows. He saw in her a weakness that must be crushed out. His hand was upon it, and come what would, he meant to extinguish its life. Germs of extravagance were beginning to show themselves, which must be robbed of vitality. Not a single word of the sentence—"Adam, you are stepping a little beyond your prerogative! If I care to have a flower, it is not for you to object!"—failed from his memory. He conned them over and over, and over again, each time rejecting them with a stern purpose.

"Stepping beyond my prerogative!"—so he talked with himself, ever and anon—"We shall see! That was unwisely said, Lydia. Not for me to object to waste and extravagance! Indeed! I wonder who is to object, if not I? Please heaven, I will object to the last; and not only object, but extinguish waste and extravagance. If this comes from the introduction of a single worthless flower, I shall take good care that my house is not transformed into a conservatory. Forewarned—forearmed."

Wearied with beating about in a vague uncertainty, weak and bewildered, the heart of Lydia began to lift itself toward her husband, as the day declined, with a yearning for the sunshine of love which clouds had hidden. She repented of her hastily spoken words, and even went so far as to remove the geranium, which had been the exciting cause of this trouble, from their sitting-room. In what spirit would he come home? That was the question of greatest concern now. Would he bring the hard, threatening, almost angry face that frowned upon her in parting; or the old, pleasant face, in which she read so many tender meanings? Oh, she could not live without love! could not go on through life in a spirit of antagonism. No!—no! She was not strong enough for this. Death were to be preferred.

And so, looking away from the causes which had wrought this unhappy alienation, she tried to let re-awakening love for her husband cover the hard, bare, unsightly aspects of character which had suddenly revealed themselves; and in this spirit she was awaiting his return, when she heard his well-known footsteps crossing their little parlor floor. She was in the kitchen, busied with preparations for supper, but came forth quickly, meeting him as he entered the sitting-room, where the table was spread. The light in her eyes, and the smile on her lips, died instantly; for the face of her husband was cold as a sea of ice. The usual kiss was intermitted. Adam did not offer it, and the heart of Lydia rebelled against solicitation. A few distant words were exchanged, and then Lydia went back to the kitchen, with a heart of lead in her bosom.

Almost silently passed the evening meal. Adam sat through it with a cold, implacable face—Lydia with a heart ready, at each moment, to gush through her eyes.

After the meal was finished Adam took a newspaper from his pocket and commenced reading, while his wife removed the tea things. As she went and came, passing from their sit-

ting room to the kitchen, he glanced, furtively, over the edge of his newspaper at her face, and was a little surprised, as well as annoyed, at seeing tears falling silently down her cheeks. It was the first time Adam had seen his wife in tears, and it made him feel rather strangely. This was something not taken into the account in marriage. He had bargained for smiles, not tears; for a mind that should be in complete harmony with his own—never in opposition; for a second self. What was the cause of these tears? That question came naturally, and Adam Guy answered it from his own standpoint, and selfish perceptions.

"And so it has come to this!" he said, speaking to himself. "Because I will not consent to waste and extravagance I must be punished with tears. But it went do. Adam Guy isn't the man to be turned aside from what is right by a woman's tears. If Lydia won't hear to reason—won't act like a prudent, sensible wife—the trouble be on her own head. As to wasting my hard earned money on such nonsense as flowers, it shall never be; and the matter may as well be settled first as last. As for Doctor Hoffman's wife, I don't think her the right stamp of a woman for Lydia, and I'll break off the intimacy, if possible. Hoffman is an extravagant, thriftless fellow, and his wife is just like him. He is out of my books, anyhow. I don't like the way in which he is beginning life—living beyond his means, and making debt certain. In less than a year he'll be on the borrowing line. There'll be a break between us then, just as surely as the sun shines, should terms of intimacy exist. The prudent man forsooth evil, and I am a prudent man. He is going his way and I am going mine, and the roads have a wide divergence."

Thus he talked with himself, fortifying his mind against his wife, and strengthening his purpose to have his own will in all that concerned them.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in an abrupt, half imperative, half surprised tone, as Lydia came in from the kitchen, after having completed her duties there, affecting just to have made the discovery that she had been weeping.

The heart of Lydia was too full; she could not answer either calmly or indifferently, and so made no reply. On this silence, Adam placed his own construction, and placed it wrong, of course. It was from moody self-will, that she did not answer—so he read the reason.

"A woman doesn't cry for nothing. What's

the matter? What's gone wrong? Are you sick?"

Lydia had drawn a chair up to the little work-stand, on which a lamp burned, and near which her husband sat with his newspaper in his hand. She had already taken some needle-work into her lap. The tone in which he asked these questions, only made a reply on her part the more impossible; and so she bent her head down over the sewing she had taken up, and gave no response. This, to Adam, was like placing an obstruction in a flowing stream. The waters of his mind became agitated, and bore onward in turbulence.

"Can't you speak? Haven't you a tongue?"

Lydia started, looked up at her husband in a bewildered way, and then burst into tears, sobbing violently.

Adam Guy was at fault. He was dealing with an unknown element. A woman's mind is a mystery to most men—most of all to men like Adam Guy; yet have such men, in their blind antagonisms, the fatal power of wounding to the heart's core. He sat, coldly observing the agitation of his wife, until her sobs gave way to an occasional short spasm in breathing, and these at length to low, fluttering sighs.

"I think, Lydia," said Adam, in a firm voice, when the storm of feeling had completely died away, "that you have permitted a very small matter to come in, and make itself a disturber of our peace. I objected, as I claim that I have the right to do, to waste of money in any form. I objected to the purchase of useless flowers; and I still object. You charged me with stepping beyond my prerogative. That was unwisely remarked, permit me to say, and does not set well upon my mind. You threatened to do as you pleased, and I warned you against such folly, and again warn you. I am not a man to turn aside when I know myself to be in the right; and I am very certain of my position in this matter. I am a poor young man, with my way to make in the world. I earn my money by hard and patient industry, and cannot see it thrown away in trifles. You know my opinion of flowers. I gave it to-day; and it is, and will remain, unchanged. Money spent in them I hold to be worse than wasted. A bouquet fades in a day, and the money it costs might as well have been cast into the sea. Pot flowers are a constant care, and involve waste of time, in addition to waste of money—and time is money. So, you see, that I have common sense and prudence on my side, opposed to

weak fancy and extravagance. I'm sorry you have taken so small a matter into such serious account—that you have made yourself unhappy about a poor geranium. Now, let me beg of you to rise above all girlish weaknesses of this kind, and be a sensible woman—all in earnest as to life's true objects. There are more enduring things than flowers to be gained, Lydia. Let us see eye to eye—let us keep step in our onward march to a high place in the world—let us deny all mere self-indulgences, that are unsatisfying at best, and always enervating, and press forward to the attainment of real and abiding things. Let us spare now, to spend in the coming time, when we can afford to spend."

Adam Guy paused. His young wife was bending closer over her work, than when he commenced speaking, and her hand moved steadily and quickly. She did not look up, nor answer.

"Am I not right? Does not your own better judgment approve what I say?"

But she made no response.

"Lydia!"

She looked up, showing a pale face and red eyes.

"Why don't you answer?"

Her eyes, with an expression in them so strange, that he scarcely knew them as the eyes of his wife, looked steadily into his. But there was no reply on her lips.

"Have you nothing to say?" demanded Guy.

"Nothing." How calm and cold her voice! It gave not a sign of feeling. Her eyes fell away from the eyes of her husband, and went back to the sewing in her lap. The needle-hand, which had paused with the thread half-drawn, took on again its quick and steady motion; and there was silence between them through all the evening hours—silence and alien thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

Not far away from the humble home of Adam Guy, was the more tasteful dwelling of Dr. Edward Hoffland. It stood a little back from the street, with a garden and shrubbery in front, arranged in the neatest order. The house was what was called a half-house, standing with the end to the street, the front door opening directly into the parlor,—a side door led into a narrow entry, from which the stairs ascended. On one side of this entry was the parlor; on the other, a small dining or sitting room, and next to this the kitchen. The house was but two stories high, with an attic, and all the rooms were small.

For this modest abode, the Doctor paid two hundred dollars a year. Its garden in front had pleased his taste, and he had taken it in preference to one with quite as much room, which would only have cost one hundred and fifty dollars. This fact was known to his old friend, Adam Guy, who had blamed him as extravagant, in no choice terms—not to himself, of course, but in conversations with his wife. A reason, besides the gratification of his taste, and one which did not come into the thought of Guy, had also influenced the Doctor in making his selection. As a professional man, success depended, in some degree, on social appearances; and he was very well satisfied that the more tasteful looking house would prove the cheapest—and he was right so far.

Let us look in upon the Doctor and his wife, on the evening which passed so drearily, and with such a bad promise for Adam Guy and Lydia.

Doctor Hoffand was a quiet, thoughtful, rather grave looking young man, just a little above the medium height, slender, of fair complexion, and clearly cut features. His eyes were brown rather than blue, and dark for his complexion. They were grave, like his face, but, like his face, kindled beautifully when thought grew active, or his feelings warmed. His whole air was refined—his manner quiet, but gentlemanly.

The young wife of Doctor Hoffand was of a different temperament from her husband, and as different as to personal appearance. She possessed a clear, strong, resolute mind, which was under the discipline of sound, good sense, ardent but not blindly impulsive feelings, a cheerful disposition, and a warmly affectionate nature. She had a round, full face, complexion dark, eyes black, full of light, and all alive when she spoke. You would not call her features regular, but would say—"How beautiful!" at the first glance. Lena was a charming young woman, the favorite of all who knew her, and the tenderly loved wife of an appreciative husband.

We may always know something of people's characters, by the things with which they surround themselves. Swedenborg says, that, in heaven, the scenery and objects by which angels are surrounded, and even the garments they wear, are representative of their states, and change always as their states change. The same thing is true of men and women in this world, only the changes here do not take place immediately, but by gradual progres-

sions—mind acting but feebly on the hard substances of nature, and moulding them to its ideal shapes by slow degrees. In a man's dress—in his house and furniture—in all material things, that he selects and arranges as the ultimate forms of his thought and affection, we see images of himself, and comprehend therefrom the quality of his mind. As his character changes, we see corresponding changes in his exterior things.

In the furnishing of Adam Guy's house, the man's character was clearly illustrated. Love of money was his ruling desire, and to this everything had to be subordinated. Mere ornament, in his eyes, was a superfluity—a useless waste—and so only the plainest and least costly articles were bought. There was nothing, out toward which taste could go, and rest in tranquil delight.

Let us see how it is with Doctor Hoffand. An ingrain carpet is on the floor of his small parlor, but it cost ten cents a yard more than that of Adam Guy, the extra ten cents having been paid in consideration of a finer quality and more tasteful pattern. The chairs, instead of being solid "Windsor," are "cane-seat," black, with ornamental gilding. Instead of a cheap mantel glass there is a small French clock; and in place of the two glass lamps, a pair of neat china vases, that rarely miss their burden of fragrant flowers. A pair of card tables stand on opposite sides of the room; and in front of the fire-place, with its shining fender and andirons, is a small centre-table, covered with books. Three or four choice engravings ornament the walls. How clearly does every article, as well as the style of arrangement, indicate the mental quality of the directing mind or minds. Here, husband and wife acted in sweet harmony, and their home gives expression to their mental states. In the other case, Guy's will governed in the selection of nearly every article, and in his home you saw an outbirth of his state and character only. In the things by which he had surrounded himself and wife, Lydia's mind did not rest in calm content. Taste and feeling went out in a restless search for objects in fuller correspondence with themselves, and came back weary and dissatisfied. A few seemingly unimportant changes in the style of their furniture—a trifling, and not costly addition here and there, a little more of the "uselessly ornamental," and it would have made all the difference in the world to her. But Adam Guy saw in all this only weakness and folly. The useful only had attractions for his eyes;

and what he meant by the useful referred to the mere wants of natural life, as the basis of effort toward worldly accumulation. Whatever came not in this category was superfluous, and to be rejected. He could subsist on husks, but not so the more delicately organized nature of his wife—on the fare that would sustain him she would feel the tooth of a perpetual hunger, and her life, only half-developed, beat about in restless, weary, unsatisfied consciousness of defect—halting, astray, and stumbling in weakness and sadness to the very end.

A lamp was burning cheerfully on the centre table in Doctor Hofland's little parlor, and his wife sat by it sewing, when the doctor came in from a professional call. Tea had been waiting for some time.

"You are late, dear," said Lena, as she received her young husband's fond kiss on almost bridal lips.

"Yes; I went to see a poor woman on Fell's Point. I am attending a Mrs. Helme in Exeter Street, and she told me about her mother down on the Point, who was very ill, and begged me to go and see her; and I could not, of course, refuse. God's poor are always with us, and we cannot turn from them, when they stretch their hands toward us, and be conscience-clear—at least, as a physician, I cannot."

The tea-bell rang at this moment, and they went to the dining-room, where, their single domestic having supplied everything for the table, they were alone.

"I didn't tell you that I called to see Lydia this morning," said Mrs. Hofland, as she handed her husband a cup of tea.

"No; how is she?"

"Very well."

"And happy as the day is long," remarked the doctor.

"I don't know about that," replied Lena, a slight change in the sunny glow of her face.

"I can't think it possible for a woman of Lydia's peculiar character to be happy with a man like Adam Guy."

"He was never a favorite of yours."

"O dear, no! His sphere has always chilled me. My freedom is gone in his presence. I feel like a blossom shrinking in a frost-breath."

"But, Lydia found in him a congenial spirit. All are not alike."

"I cannot but feel," said Lena, "that, in wooing Lydia, Guy assumed a character not in agreement with his true quality; and to-day I thought I could detect signs of an awakening to a hard realization of the fact that their

lives were not, and never could be, in harmony."

"Adam loves money," said the doctor.

"And means to accumulate it. Lydia said that his salary had been advanced to twelve hundred dollars."

"Ah! I'm pleased to know that." The doctor spoke with genuine pleasure.

"And it will not cost them six hundred to live, Lydia says."

"So they will be six hundred dollars better off every year. A comfortable prospect."

"And, moreover, Adam anticipates an interest in the firm. Give him that position, said Lydia, and, to use his own language, he will 'snap his fingers in the world's face.' Now, doesn't that express the man's true character in a sentence? Snap his fingers in the world's face! He's selfish to the core, Edward—selfish to the core! And, as the sure consequence, unhappy. I told Lydia how hopeful and cheerful you were in your small beginnings and clouded future; and she said, with a sigh, that her husband was not so easy in mind. How can he be? Love of money, and the narrow spirit of selfishness, which always accompanies it, are never satisfied with the present, nor resigned as to the future. Men like Adam Guy are always impatient in the present, because gain comes too slowly for their desires, and restless about the future, lest their one great cast in life should fail."

"He will snap his fingers in the world's face!" said the doctor, in a tone that mingled surprise, regret, and disappointment—as if an unpleasant revelation had come to his mind.

"I don't like that, Adam Guy. Snap your fingers in the world's face! No man can afford to do this. No man is true to himself; far less true to society, who lives in that spirit. I knew

he was selfish, and a money lover, but I hardly thought him so blind and foolish in his selfishness as this. Alas for him, and alas for his wife, if his words express a true purpose! Life will prove to him, and it may be to her, also, the saddest of failures. The *life* is more

than *meat*, and the body than raiment. What is simple possession—what is wealth—if made more than the life? A burden and a curse—nothing less, nothing more, as thousands, if the heart spoke out, would testify. And yet, the thousands who succeed them go on in the same blind, besotted way—stifling the soul's higher instincts, dwarfing its powers, suppressing its yearnings after the things for which it hungers and thirsts with an immortal desire—and for what? Just for gold—for gold, and

the unsatisfying good that gold can buy—this, and no more—no more. If Adam is going to walk in the broad way to misery—to misery in this world, I mean, for there is no happiness by the way nor at the end—I pity him from my heart."

"But most of all, I pity Lydia," said Lena.

"If Adam will make his bed of husks, and put thorns in his own pillow, let him enjoy them if he can; but for Lydia! Ah, my heart grows faint for her. She is of a purer substance, and of a tenderer organization. She will have no sordid loves to sustain her—no end of worldly gain or worldly pride, like him; and so must endure or die. This marriage is a serious thing, Edward. Thank God, that you are not like Adam Guy! Could we be happier in a palace than in this modest home of ours? Would hundreds of thousands of dollars make our hearts beat in closer unison, and fill them with a purer happiness?"

"Not unless our lives were in accord with all things good, and true, and beautiful. Not unless in our souls were the spiritual riches to which this outward wealth corresponded. Anything less than this, and the exchange would be to our loss, instead of gain."

"So I feel, and say, thank God, that you are wiser than most men!" And Lena threw tender glances upon her husband.

"It is one thing to see clearly the right way in which to walk, and another thing to go forward in that way," said the doctor. "I can philosophize, but do not find myself living up to the philosophy I approve."

"That is the experience of every one," answered Lena. "Our ideals must always embrace unattained good, or there would be no going on toward perfection. But, in our contrasts with others we are able to see the positions we occupy. Take Adam, for instance, proposing to snap his fingers in the world's face so soon as he is rich enough to care for nobody, and contrast your ends of life with his, as expressed in that declaration. How much higher you stand! You are wiser and better than that, my husband—wiser and better than that, thank God!"

CHAPTER VI.

After tea, Doctor Hoffand spent the evening with his wife, reading and conversing in their little parlor. Patients were not in abundance yet, and he had time on his hands. They talked of many things, and dwelt, with hope and interest, on their future. Like Adam Guy, Doctor Hoffand had visions of advancement in

the world; of success in his profession; of accumulation. He looked forward to the day when a widely extended practice would give him a liberal income, influence, and position—looked forward, selfishly, as all men in whom natural life has not become subordinated to a spiritual and regenerate life, look. But, unlike his friend, Adam Guy, his thought did not centre upon and revolve only around himself. He had generous thoughts and purposes toward others—humanitary ends—aspirations that included the common good. Sordid love of money was not an element of his nature. He had no desire to accumulate, merely for the sake of riches, and the selfish independence of the world their possession would give. As thought went forward to the time when he should have money at command, and influence among men, he loved to dwell on embryo schemes of social good—benevolent, educational, or industrial. Means to ends, he did not see clearly. That time was yet to arrive. He was young and immature. But the germs of good citizenship were in his heart, and fructifying life was beginning to stir their latent forces with a prophecy of things to come.

"If I were only rich!" How often did this sentence fall from his lips, as he looked on poverty and suffering, or contemplated the mental and moral destitution around him. And there were times when, in the ardor of his desire to relieve want, or help forward in some good enterprise, he fancied himself free from selfishness, and willing to devote all his powers to the service of others. In this, though it was but an ideal state of good, there was given a reward. Into even the desire to benefit others flows a blessing—how much higher the blessing for those who make desire an ultimate actuality.

"If I were only rich!" There is not a moment of time in which this aspiration does not rise from some heart dissatisfied with the amount of possession God has given. "If I were only rich!" said Doctor Hoffand, as he sat in his little earthly paradise that evening, "the world should be better for at least one life. I would not hoard my money for spendthrift heirs, nor mortuary endowments—but scatter blessings as I passed along. Rich men are God's almoners. Alas! how few are conscious of their responsibility, or dream that a day of reckoning must come."

The doctor's mind was excited, and his imagination fast bearing him away. But, a word from his wife drew him back again, and his wings drooped from their airy flight.

"God only requires a use of the talents

given," said she. "Are we not all almoners in our sphere of life?"

"Truly said, Lena! and I stand reproved."

"No, no, not reproved." There was a tone of deprecation on Lena's lips.

"Corrected, then, darling. Thank you for clipping the wings of my too aspiring imagination. It is even as you have said; God only requires a use of the talents bestowed. I am rich! Rich in the power to do good. I have but to dispense, freely, according to the ability He has given. Like too many others, I look away from my present sphere of life, and long for a wider field and higher opportunities. But, if not faithful in what is least, how can I expect to be trusted in greater things."

"Ah, if we could always keep that thought in mind, how much more of peaceful life would be ours. Faithful to-day. Let that be our motto, Edward. Faithful to-day."

The eyes of Dr. Hofland turned from the face of his wife, and a sigh fluttered softly on his lips.

"Is not that the right doctrine?" Mrs. Hofland leaned toward her husband, and laid a hand gently on his arm.

"Yes, darling. It is the true doctrine. Faithful to-day; and an impressive sense of its truth has sobered me. Faithful to-day! Ah! it is this looking beyond to-day—this living in our to-morrow, that is such a hindrance to useful life. Our powers do not come down with that will into the present, which is needed to give them true efficiency. We reserve strength for the future, instead of putting it all forth in our to-days. Faithful to-day. You have expressed life's true philosophy in its simplest formula. Let us accept the axiom as our rule of conduct. If our present work is always taken up and faithfully done, we need have no anxiety about the future. As servants of the Heavenly Master, whose hands never lie idle, the right work for us to do will be given in the right time. He knows what is best for us, and best for those to whom good is to come through our life in the world."

"I do not think," said Lena, "that we shall ever be happier than now. Oh, is not life sweet to us!" And her bright face grew sunnier. "God was good to me when he put love in your heart, Edward. I pray to become worthy of your love."

"If eye sees to eye, and heart beats to heart, darling, ever as now, life shall be to us one long, sweet day of happiness," returned the young husband, breathing the words on Lena's lips. "There will be care and toil;

hope and disappointment; sorrow and pain—but, with a love in our hearts growing purer, stronger, and more heavenly in its origin all the while, we shall never sit in darkness—shall never be comfortless."

"Purer and more heavenly," said Lena, as her eyes expressed deeper meanings, "the words bring back what our minister said yesterday, that true marriage was a union of souls. 'What God joins together,' he said, had a significance deeper than came to the common apprehension. God conjoins in marriage by means of spiritual affinities, and these are heavenly. Without a life of good, he argued, no true interior marriage was possible. There might be a likeness and a nearness of souls from natural affinities; but genuine interior marriage—that conjunction which made of two minds, male and female, one harmoniously pulsating individuality, for all time and eternity—only took place with those who, through obedience to God's spiritual laws, advanced from natural into spiritual life along the gradually ascending way of regeneration. I have thought about that new doctrine of marriage, Edward, a great deal. Shall we be thus conjoined, dear husband? That would indeed be heaven!"

"And I have thought of it, also," replied Dr. Hofland. "Our minister was right in what he said. The truth of his words came like sun-rays, bearing illustration into my mind. God must join together by spiritual affinities, and these are heavenly affinities. May He do his good work in our hearts, Lena, that we may be one forever!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ENEMY OF EVERYBODY.—"No one's enemy but his own" happens generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality that goes to make this character is a reckless imprudence, and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. "No one's enemy but his own" runs rapidly through his means; calls, in a friendly way on his friends, for bonds, bail, and security; involves his nearest kin, leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphan upon the public; and, after enjoying himself to the last guinea, entails a life of dependence upon his progeny, and dies in the odor of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly which is more injurious to society than some positive crimes.

The Affianced.

BY C. M. L.

In one short week he'll come to claim
The heart that ne'er has known
A joy compared with the dear right,
To live for him alone;
And I shall wear his honored name,
As queens wear diadems,
Adorned more richly by his love,
Than they are, by their gems.

His hand will shield me from the thorns
That strew my lonely way—
God's messenger of truth and peace,
To lead me to the day.

He will not weary of the wealth
Of worship that I bring,
Nor ever spurn the clasping vine,
How close soe'er it cling.

In his clear glance and noble face,
Such changeless truth I see,
That I could trust my fate to him
Throughout eternity.

His is a strong, grand, upright soul—
One that has labored long,
And still will labor, that the right
May vanquish every wrong.

Oh, joy to know this peerless life
Will stoop to blend with mine!
The splendor of his glorious smile
Shall on my pathway shine,
Till my sad spirit shall expand,
As flowers bloom in the sun—
Flowers, that till now no kindly ray
Has ever rested on.

Ah, what am I, that such as he
Should love and guard me so?
I, who had never heard of love,
One little year ago;
Never, since, when a feeble child,
I saw my mother laid
By stranger-hands in the cold ground,
Beneath the cypress-shade.

The cypress-shade was on my heart
Through all my childhood-hours,
For the plain orphan might not pluck
Affection's blessed flowers.

Who would have deemed that from such night
Such morning would arise—
That e'er for me such lovely hues
Would tint the summer-skies?

My heart is heavy with the weight
Of this great happiness,
And tears of most sweet gratitude
From their glad fountain press.
The weary past, the present joy,
The future's precious hope,
Conjoin to show the gracious Hand
That thus has led me up.

Oh Thou, my mother's God and Friend,
Who hast this blessing wrought,
Teach me to honor Thee and him,
In word, and act and thought;
In all his tenderness and care,
Thy goodness may I see,
And ever loving him the more,
Be drawn still nearer Thee!

Longwood, Mo., Dec., 1860.

Ideals.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

Oh! it is hard to see our idols fall
From out the sacred places in our hearts,
Fall by their own unworthiness, and lie
Shattered, amid the dust about our feet!
To see the inner temple of our souls
Made waste and desolate by their own hand;
By some rude speech the altar-stones torn down,
Where we had laid our offering, but to find
The god-like brow of our divinity,
Dimmed with the dust of sin and earthliness;
And we rebel against unpitied fate,
"Till we are ready to kneel down and quench
The dying altar-fires with our mute tears!
And it is hard to still the wailing cry
That from our burdened souls goes wildly up,
For our lost faith in all humanity;
For our lost trust in human words and deeds;
And sometimes, e'en in our own hearts, and Heaven,
But Heaven is kind! The weary paths of life
Are sometimes trodden by the feet of those,
The often dreamed of, but the rarely met,
Whose lives roll onward like a holy hymn
Of sweet thanksgiving, rising up to God
Through all the years; upon whose brow the star
Of Genius burns, a beacon light to those
Who, mid the darkness of the night of sin,
Are struggling with the breakers, drifting out
Upon the sea of life, who meekly bear
The unsought honors of a noble life;
Who turn away from smiles and flatteries,
To cheer a suffering or a fallen one,
Or bear a brother's burden up the steep
And rugged way, humble, yet proud and strong;
Proud in the dignity of a great soul;
Strong in the gloriousness and power of truth:
Who weep at others' suffering and wrongs,
And yet with holy triumph would lay down
At Freedom's altar their own noble lives,
And smile a Death!

The weary heart grows tired
In its vain seekings after perfectness,
And fain would wing itself to that fair land,
Where those world-weary hearts, who, when on earth,
Did battle with temptation and with sin,
Striving with prayers and tears, to overcome
Their warring natures, robed in purest light,
And in the glory of triumphant faith
Do walk the heights of Heaven; they, "the just
Made perfect," in the likeness of our God.

Legends of the Madonna.

IN referring to the "Legends of the Madonna," by Mrs. Jameson, just reprinted in their exquisite blue and gold series, by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, the Home Journal gives a brief review of some of the legends connected with celebrated pictures of the Holy Family, from which we take the following, which will attract the reader's attention:

The legends upon which many of the pictures of the Madonna are founded, are curious, from their antiquity—some of them dating back as far as the third century—and without some knowledge of them, such pictures would be quite unintelligible to the Protestant. These apocryphal writings treat chiefly of those portions of Mary's history, on which the canonical Scriptures are silent, such as her early life, the adventures of the flight into Egypt, or the domestic life at Nazareth. When she became an object of worship, it was natural that her birth, as well as that of her Son, should be represented as miraculous; accordingly, we are told that her parents, Joachim and Anna, were old, while yet childless; and that when the former carried his offerings to the temple, he was repulsed by the high-priest Isachar, who said: "It is not lawful for thee to bring thy offering, seeing that thou hast not begot issue in Israel." In one of the pictures he is represented as turning away, sorrowfully, with his lamb in his arms, while three more favored votaries look at him with a sneering expression. These legends, as well as the Scriptures, furnish subjects for an "Annunciation," a "Nativity," and a "Presentation in the Temple," but the annunciation to Anna is distinguished from that to Mary, by being always in a garden, instead of a chamber; the nativity, Joachim and Anna being described as "very rich," affords a strong contrast, by the magnificence of its surroundings, to that in the manger; and in the presentation Mary is represented as a child, in blue or white vesture, with long golden hair, ascending the steps which lead to the porch of the temple.

The legends, respecting the flight into Egypt, which have been taken as the subjects of pictures, are quite numerous. When hotly pursued, the Holy Family are seen by a man sowing wheat; the Virgin requests him, if asked whether they had passed that way to reply: "Such persons passed while I was sowing this grain." Immediately the seed sprung up into stalk, blade and ear, fit for the sickle; and the

baffled pursuers turned off in another direction. While they were reposing in a forest, "all the trees bowed themselves down in reverence to the Infant God; only the aspen, in her exceeding pride and arrogance, refused to acknowledge him, and stood upright. Then the Infant Christ pronounced a curse against her, as he afterward cursed the barren fig-tree, and at the sound of his words the aspen began to tremble through all her leaves, and has not ceased to tremble even to this day." On their arrival in Egypt they are met by a *zingarella*, who crosses the child's palm after the gypsy manner, and foretells his sufferings and crucifixion. Previous to this, however, while descending into the plains of Syria, they encountered certain thieves, and one "of them would have maltreated and plundered them; but his comrade interfered, and said, 'Suffer them, I beseech thee, to go in peace, and I will give thee forty groats, and likewise my girdle;' which offer being accepted, the merciful robber led the holy travelers to his stronghold on the rock, and gave them lodging for the night."—"In after-times these two thieves were crucified with Christ—one on the right hand, and another on the left—and the merciful thief went with the Saviour into Paradise." The scene of this encounter is still pointed out to travelers, and the crusaders visited the spot as a place of pilgrimage.

Less romantic, and furnishing more homely scenes for pictures, are the legends of the domestic life at Nazareth. Mary, for example, is described as washing linen at a fountain, while the little Christ takes the linen out of a basket, and Joseph hangs it on a line to dry. Such scenes, however, are usually dignified, in the pictures, by the presence and sympathy of angels. Sometimes, not content with inactive sympathy, they afford substantial aid. Joseph is seen chopping wood for the family meal, which is in preparation in the background; Jesus, in front, is sweeping together the chips, and two angels are gathering them up; or the child is boring a hole with a large gimlet, with an angel helping him, or two angels are holding a plank for Joseph to saw.

Other legends relate the life of Mary after the crucifixion of her Son, and are especially minute in the account of her death, at which all the apostles were present—John, who was preaching at Ephesus; Peter, who was preaching at Antioch, and others in various places, were caught up, in the same instant, by miraculous power, and brought to the door of her habitation.

LAY SERMONS.

Sunday Religion.

"Mere Sunday religion, and not worth anything," said a lady, whose age and appearance gave weight to her words. The remark seemed to occasion something like surprise in the little group around her.

"What do you mean by Sunday religion?" was asked.

"Pious observances of any kind—singing, praying, listening to sermons, reading the Bible, receiving the sacraments, and the like."

"And do you mean to say that these are worth nothing as means to the attainment of a heavenly life?"

"No; far from it. They are of inestimable value; I might almost say of essential value."

"Then," said the other, "I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning. Sunday religion not worth anything!"

"Mere Sunday religion, I said, which is about all the religion possessed by the large class to whom I was referring. An exterior of sanctity, without a living principle of charity in the heart; that is the Sunday religion I meant to condemn."

"There is too much of that, I fear," was answered.

"Too much, alas!"

"It is a self-deceiving form of hypocrisy," remarked one of the company.

"And as such," said the lady, "without any saving principle. Men and women may sing and pray devoutly—read the Word of God in all solemnity of utterance—hear preachings—receive the sacred correspondential elements in the communion—give of their substance to churches—and yet be in the broad way to destruction, instead of in the narrow way to heaven. All these things will be as nothing if the week-day life fail. If, from Monday morning until Saturday night, love of self and the world rule the whole mind, all Sunday service will go for nothing in our account with heaven. In every day of every week we are writing down that history of our lives by which we shall be judged when this mortal puts on immortality; and will not six days of God-forgetting selfishness stand in fearful contrast with a Sunday record of constrained worship?"

"Must religion come down into everything?" was asked. "How can you bring piety into trade? It does not follow, because a man is earnest in his employment, that he is sinning against God. Nothing can be done rightly, unless the mind goes

into it with full vigor; and a man cannot think of business and religion at the same time. He who made us, comprehended this, and set apart one day in seven for religious thoughts and duties. I'm afraid you depress the value of our Sabbath ceremonies."

"It is not in my heart to do so, for I find in them both help and comfort," replied the lady, whose remark had led the conversation in this direction.

"Of all good gifts from our Heavenly Father, I prize, as among the best, this Christian Sabbath, when we may lay down our burdens of care and work, and gather up strength, hope, encouragement, and lessons of spiritual wisdom, by which to lead truer, because more unselfish, lives, in the days to come. But, if it is used as the only means of advancing heavenward, through devotional acts, and neither God nor the neighbor be regarded in the weeks that follow, then will its services be in vain. There must be religion in business, or there can be no religion at all."

"I am at fault as to your entire meaning," said the one who had previously spoken. "Religion in business! that is a novel proposition. Would you have a man praying and psalm-singing in his shop, store, office, or manufactory?"

"No."

"Then, how is he to bring down his religion into his business?"

"Religion is life," was answered; "that is, a life in obedience to the precepts of religion. Now, men live through the week as well as on Sunday—in their stores and shops as well as in their homes or closets; and they can lead only one of two lives—religious or irreligious—the life of heaven or the life of hell. This is true of every day, and hour, and moment. Think—must it not be so?"

There followed a thoughtful silence.

"What I mean by religion in business," said the lady, "is that justice and integrity which never loses sight of the neighbor's well being—which is based on the divine law, 'Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' It is in business that men come in contact with men under the peculiar temptations that love of self inspires; and here it is that they are more especially called upon to live that life of religious trust in God by which they can overcome the evil inclinations of their hearts. In church, and on the business-free Sabbath, they are not in the soul-trying temptations that meet them in their world's work, and the armor of religion is not so needful for defence. It is to him who overcometh that the promise is given; and life's battle is not on the

Sabbath, nor in church. Our way to heaven is through the world. A Sunday religion, therefore, which is not the complement of religion in daily life, is of no avail whatever, and to them who trust therein will come a sad awakening in that time, when all hearts will be seen as they are. God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. It is the heart's quality that gives acceptance in the eyes of God—not prostrations of the body, nor any mere acts of devotion. There can be no true external worship without the internal worship of a good life; and a good life consists in a faithful and just discharge of all our neighborly duties from a principle of obedience to Divine laws. When such obedience is rendered, external Sabbath worship will flow in natural sequence, and be a form of that genuine worship which brings us near to God, and fills us with his spirit—a spirit not of self-love and narrow self-seeking, but of genuine regard for others. When that spirit rules in a man's heart, he will be just in dealing, and careful that no one has loss through his gain. He will take no advantages in trade, nor profit through another's ignorance. Charity, or neighborly good will, will make one with his piety. In the ground of love for the neighbor, whom he

has seen, will the seeds of love to God, whom he hath not seen, be planted."

"You make the way to heaven very narrow. Who can walk in it?" said one of the company.

A sigh came faintly from the lips of the lady who had spoken so wisely and well.

"If we would go to heaven we must come into the life of heaven," she said, "and that is a life of mutual love and service. God is love—not self-love, such as we cherish, but a love of doing good. And the religion that leads to heaven is an everyday religion of good will to the neighbor, showing itself in justice, integrity, truth, honor, and genuine humanity. Without this religion, Sunday worship is nothing; with it, conjunction with heaven, and a joy unspeakable. If the way is narrow, it is, nevertheless, the way marked out by God himself. It is not my way—but His. And it is hard only because self-love is strong. Deny this, and heavenly love will flow in. Then the way will become plain, and its rough places smooth. Flowers will spring along its margin, as it winds upward and upward into clear mountain regions, from which new worlds of beauty will open successively to the vision. So I read the laws of heavenly life, as written in God's word."

T. S. A.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Last Wednesday Night.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Such a dreadful night as it was! We had had what grandma called, in her old-fashioned way, "a spell of amazin' weather, considerin' it was November."

Such days of pleasant sunshine as we had had—days in which I used to wander out in the woods, and gather the tufts of moss, and scarlet berries, and branches of cedar; and then, such fun as I would have, climbing up the great loads of hay in the barn, hunting for eggs in the corners, and shelling corn that we might parch in the winter nights.

Aunt Clarissa used to say—"That child will certainly run wild. She's a perfect boy now—clambering the fences, and swinging on the gates, and no more manners than a young Indian. I do think it's dreadful!"

But grandma would always shake her head and say, "I'm older than you, Clarissy, and I've lived long enough to see that out doors is as good for children as it is for young colts. It don't do any good to keep either too close, and I'd rather have Henrietty lose her manners than her rosy cheeks."

And so I had my own way, though Aunt Clarissa would often shake her head and say I was a spoiled child.

But at last the sunshine went out, and there came a day that was just like evening, with wild, gloomy clouds sweeping in frightened troops across the sky, and the wind moaned and muttered, and sometimes rose into a hoarse scream, as it came off from the bay; and standing at my chamber window I could see the great white tufts of foam chasing each other over the billows; and the wind seemed to madden the waters, as it rode back and forth, and the waves broke, with a hoarse cry, on the beach.

"Oh, I like it, grandma," I said; "I like to hear the winds and the waves roaring."

"Don't say that, child," she said, "don't. It'll be a dreadful night for man or beast that's out in it—dreadful!"

At last the night fell, and the wind rose into the sound of a great battle, and beat at the windows; and the rain drifted, and driven by the wind, struck against the house in great, blinding torrents. After tea I went and sat in the kitchen, and the great red fire painted the whole room with crimson. Aunt Clarissa came and sat on one side, and grandma was in her great arm-chair by her favorite corner.

"I wish, aunty, you'd tell me a story," I said, laying my head in her lap. "It's just the right kind of a night to hear one, with the wind and the rain outside, as though they were having a great battle with each other—and the bright flames

laughing, and dancing, and galloping up the chimney."

"Well, what sort of a story shall it be, my little girl?" asked Aunt Clarissa, slipping her soft fingers among my curls.

"Oh, a story about the time when you and mamma were little girls together. I love to hear best about her and papa, if they did both die before I can remember them!"

Just at that moment the wind broke like a trumpet. It rattled the strong windows, and seemed to shake the old stone house, which, Aunt Clarissa says, "has stood bravely the blasts of a century."

"Dear me," exclaimed grandma, "what an awful night on the water."

"Or on the land either," added Aunt Clarissa.

Just at that moment the front door bell rung in a loud, startling kind of way, which sprang me to my feet.

"Who can be out such a night!" cried Aunt Clarissa; and then we all listened while Peggy went to the door.

A moment later she entered the kitchen, and there walked in behind her a very old black man; his hair was gray, and his figure was bowed, and behind him there came two children, a boy and a girl, and she was smaller than I.

We all rose up in our amazement; and then the black man came toward us and asked grandma, in a strange, cracked voice,

"Is your name *Miss Jerusha Mortimer*?"

"Yes, that's my name," answered grandma.

And then the black man said—"Did you ever know a Mr. Edward Mortimer?"

"He was my own son," and then grandma burst into tears.

"Well, ma'am, them two is Mr. Mortimer's children, and he sent them home to you before he died."

I can't tell what followed next. I know Aunt Clarissa had her arms around the boy and girl—that she hugged, and kissed, and shook them—that she laughed one minute and cried the next—and that grandma sat still in her chair and shook as though the winds outside were at play with her. "Let my old eyes look upon their faces, Clarissy," she sobbed. And Aunt Clarissa brought the boy and the girl to grandma, and we all cried together.

Aunt Clarissa removed the child's bonnet and cloak, and her yellow brown hair fell in wavy curls around her neck; and she had brown eyes, and a pale, delicate face, and the smallest, sweetest little mouth.

The boy was larger and darker, with rings of black hair, and bold, laughing eyes. Grandma and Aunt Clarissa both exclaimed, "It is Edward come back again!"

And then they turned to the black man and asked where he came from. And he said his name was Tony, and that he came from the East Indies in the ship "Sailor Bird," and that he got to New York the night before, and came as far as Woodlands in

the cars, and that he had been overtaken in the storm after they got into the stage.

He said he had lived with Mr. Mortimer five years, and that, when he was suddenly stricken down with the yellow fever, he made Tony promise that he would take his children home to America, and tell his mother and sister he was sorry for all the pain which he had given them.

And he gave Tony a purse with money for all the journey, and gave him all the directions, so that he could not fail to find the way; and then he kissed and blessed his little boy and girl, and sent his love to his mother and sister, and said he had written home to them twice within the last seven years, but he feared the letters were miscarried, as he had received no reply; and then he said—

"Tony, take as good care of the little children as you have been a faithful servant to me; and may God make their lives better than their dying father's has been," and then he closed his eyes; and these words were the last which mortal ear ever caught from the lips of Edward Mortimer.

And while Tony was telling his strange story, Peggy had been very busy setting the table, with all kinds of nice dainties; and at last she came up to Aunt Clarissa, saying, with the great tears rolling down her cheeks, "Them are children looks dreadful fagged out, Miss Mortimer. It's time they had a bite o' somethin' good."

"Betty, I believe you are the only sensible person in the house," answered Aunt Clarissa. "Come, my poor, dear, little, tired children, to the table, and see if you can't eat something."

But the little girl hung back, and slipped her hand in her brother's, and looked round on us all in a scared fashion, and said—"I'm afraid, brother."

"Oh, Minnie, they wouldn't hurt you for all the world, would they, Tony?"

"Bless her dear little heart!" said the old black man, as he turned and took the little figure in his arms; and as her golden curls strayed and gleamed over his dark face, I thought they seemed like great torches suddenly lighted in dark rooms. "Did the little Missis think Tony would bring her to anybody that didn't love her? Tony is too sharp for that," and then he laughed so loud, and his white teeth looked funny enough.

"Come, little sister, don't be afraid," said the boy, and he took hold of her hand, and led her to the table; and grandma and Aunt Clarissa came and watched the children, and tried to prevail on them to eat; but they kept staring about them, the little girl, with her sweet, shy, blue eyes, and the boy, with his bright, brown ones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE late William Hazlett remarked:—There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Servants and Housekeepers.

The trouble between servants and housekeepers in this country is one of such wide-spread and growing importance that it fairly threatens to destroy the foundations of domestic tranquillity. Complaint strikes your ear on all sides. It is rarely that two women sit talking together for half an hour without the introduction of this theme; and a solution of the difficulty is, we might almost say, never reached. A lady correspondent of the *Home Journal* has given some hints on the subject which are worthy the consideration of our countrywomen, and we give them a place in the *Home Magazine*. She says:—

Domestic service has fallen into disrepute—I do not mean among servants alone, but our people. Women have a vague idea of a perpetual motion in housekeeping—that they can furnish a house, put in a wheel here and there, in the shape of a servant, set it in motion, and leave it to go of itself. I have seen it tried; so have you. But this secret of perpetual motion is not yet discovered, and until that happy time we must be contented to follow the good old rule of the Apostle Paul, who was a gentleman and a scholar, as well as an apostle, and “guide the house.” Yet good women—sensible women—will say to me, “The detail of housekeeping is, to me, utter drudgery; I dislike it, I hate it.” And when experienced, practical women hold these ideas, what wonder that their daughters hold the same. But what are we to do, if not this? What is our business in life? Our husbands do their daily work, and if a man venture to say, “I hate the detail of my business—it is drudgery,” does he, therefore, neglect it? He dare not, for he suffers the consequence, and—so do we.

Housekeeping is good for women. It keeps them out of mischief; to plan and carry out the details is good exercise for the mind, and I do not find that those who despise it are occupied with anything higher or nobler. I do not mean that, unless obliged, one should go into the drudgery of the work; but there are ten thousand little things in the department of *order* that a woman can do, with advantage to herself and her house. I could almost mourn for the good old days when this lighter service fell upon the mother and daughters, as a matter of course. Exercise for the arms and chest is the kind we most need, not this everlasting walking. Pity that feather beds have gone out of fashion, the shaking and making them was a famous exercise in calisthenics.

Young ladies are growing up ignorant of these details; they despise them, and, unfortunately, if the fit seizes them to learn something, the chief point is to know how to make nice cake or pastry. For this they will make a desperate effort, and having achieved a brilliant success or two, they stop, and ask, “What more can I learn?” I would answer, “Everything, from the foundation to the topmost stone.”

But to go back once more to our servants. They are ruined by three causes—our indulgence, severity, and neglect.

Incompetent mistresses often think they can secure faithful service by indulgence and by presents, and they turn away in despair when they find their well-meant weakness abused. We say they are extravagant—what do they but follow the current? Our women are extravagant; it is a “crying evil,” to use a cant phrase. Our houses and our furniture, which are seldom too large to live in and to use, are after the model of state apartments in European palaces. Women sweep the streets in dresses fit only for the drawing-room, and when, by some accident or carelessness, they come home bedraggled, the dresses are often, in a fit of disgust, handed over to the maid for her own use. Having one bit of cast-off finery, others follow; and she buys cheap and showy things conforming, for she has her ideas of fitness. Her fellows, who do not receive as much, follow her example, and buy all that their means will allow. Hence, many consume all their wages in dress, and are even strongly tempted to steal what they cannot but covet.

So much for the evils of injudicious giving, which also leads them to expect more, and to presume more and more on these indulgences. As a general rule, it is unwise to give presents, except on some special occasion, and seldom, or never, cast-off finery. It is unsuitable, and does more harm than good.

Another inconsiderate class of mistresses err through undue severity. They may be either those who know nothing of work, and are not aware how much they require; or those who, once having worked hard, seem to revenge themselves on others, when their turn comes, as it is said that those who have been serfs make the hardest taskmasters and overseers. My heart has often ached to see those who would have labored cheerfully, borne to the earth with the amount of service required, and often the most unreasonable and unnecessary. The “law of consideration” is sadly needed in these cases.

A third class of lady employers know nothing of

work, and decline all trouble, and, leading an indolent and butterfly life, their servants are left to themselves. It requires superhuman strength of principle in a servant to be faithful in such circumstances.

Does Mr. Million, down town, set his clerks afloat in his warehouses, and tell them to do their work, while he reads the last essay on political economy, or smokes his cigar at Delmonico's? I trow not; or, if he did, his business would go to the dogs, as many of our fine houses do.

Well, here we are. Every article I read goes thus far, points out the evils, and stops there, with general directions, that we must reform and do better, with the assurance that there is a good time coming. I have read them eagerly, but they have never told me what to do. Perhaps these things help public sentiment, (whatever that may be,) and if there is a better public sentiment, that is a good starting-point.

The common idea of a good housekeeper is incorrect. A good housekeeper is one who keeps her house in painfully neat order; keeps a good table—that is has loads of dainties, made in the best possible manner, so that you are sure to be tempted to eat more than you really want. She is wrapped up in her housekeeping—is, in fact, a housekeeper, and nothing else. All of us have met these painful people; not always at their own houses—for to them, hospitality is a painful and self-denying duty—even their best friends do so disturb the order of things. They live in slavery, and to a hard taskmaster, for this is not a clean world. If we were sure they were fit for it, what a temptation to transfer them to that world where there is "nothing that defileth."

I have others in mind, in whom there is a total want of method—in some cases, utter carelessness and negligence. The mistress is "easy." Of course, there is a certain degree of comfort in doing as you please, but also great discomfort, through disregard of the declaration that order is Heaven's first law. From dirt and disorder, also deliver us; but, sometimes there is this want of method, without carelessness, and then how the machinery creaks, and rubs, and grates. I remember hearing it said of one of these families, where there was no want of means or of elegancies, and no want of servants, that "it seemed to be just as much as they could do, to get through with each meal." They never have good servants, for they never plan for them nor trust them. I have seen such a mistress tell a servant what to do, twice over, and then, for every five minutes, to see that she was doing it, and then go, afterward, to see that it was done. Why not do the work, at once, herself?

Going from this place to another I could name, was like suddenly rounding a point, from a rough and rolling sea, into a smooth and quiet harbor. The mistress was not perfect, the servants were not perfect, there was a large family, much work to be

done, and great irregularity, but the machinery never seemed to have any friction. The servants needed much direction, and made mistakes, but no storm was raised; the mistress corrected them, and hoped they would do better next time. She was a busy woman, but without bustle, and what she did only declared itself by results. One of her visitors said she was sure things did themselves. Her movements reminded me of the man whom I have seen going quietly about in the bustle of a great railway station; people were rushing here and there, trains arriving and leaving, trunks tumbling about, self-moved; but one man went from car to car, oiling the wheels. He took, apparently, no note of what was going on, never seemed conscious of the confusion; he had his business, and it was done. Neglecting it, we should have had smoking axles, delays, stoppages, collisions; who knows? Of course, the parallel does not hold throughout, for my housekeeper was also engineer and conductor; but I honored her all the more for conducting and regulating the train, and keeping the wheels in order, too.

"Like priest, like people," is the proverb. "Like mistress, like maid." We all know those who have very little trouble with servants, who are seldom or never at a loss; and when I find one who is ever complaining, troubled, changing, I often ask myself, "Would I be willing to live with her as a servant?" and I generally find myself answering, "No, decidedly, no; not if I could find any other place."

PRESERVATION OF EGGS.—When newly laid, eggs are almost perfectly full. But the shell is porous, and the watery portion of its contents begins to evaporate through its pores the moment it is exposed to the air, so that the eggs become lighter every day. As the water escapes outward through the pores of the shell, air passes inward and takes its place, and the amount of air that accumulates within depends, of course, upon the extent of the loss by perspiration. Eggs which we have preserved for upward of a year, packed in salt, small ends downwards, lost from 25 to 50 per cent. of their weight, and did not putrefy. As the moisture evaporated the white became thick and adhesive, and the upper part was filled with air. To preserve the interior of the egg in its natural state it is necessary to seal up the pores of the shell air-tight. This may be done by dipping them in melted suet, olive oil, milk of lime, solution of gum arabic, or covering them with any air-proof varnish. They are then packed in bran, meal, salt, ashes, or charcoal powder. REAUMUR is said to have coated eggs with spirit varnish, and produced chickens from them after two years, when the varnish was carefully removed.

INFLUENCE OF WATER UPON DIGESTION.—Blood, juice of flesh, bile, gastric and pancreatic fluid,

saliva, mucus, tears, perspiration, and all other peculiar liquids of the body, are simply water, containing various substances in solution. Indeed, the final result of the whole digestive process is to liquefy the aliments, or dissolve them in water. The effect of taking liquids is, of course, to dilute the bodily fluids, just in proportion to the amount taken. The first effect will be a dilution of the gastric juice of the stomach, but the water is rapidly absorbed into the blood, which is thus made thinner. It has been taught that the effect of swallowing much liquid during meals is to lower the digestive power by diluting and weakening the gastric juice. This is, however, denied by high authority. We know that excessive eating is usually accompanied by a copious use of liquids,

so that it is easy to commit the mistake of charging the evils of over-eating to the account of over-drinking. In such cases abstinence from drinks may be commended as a means of enforcing moderate eating. Dr. CHAMBERS, of London, asserts that "a moderate meal is certainly easier digested when diluents are taken with it." Again he remarks, "Aqueous fluids in large quantities during meals, burden the stomach with an extra bulk of matter, and, therefore, often cause pain and discomfort, but that they retard digestion I do not believe. Indeed, among the sufferers from gastric derangements of all kinds, cases frequently occur of those who cannot digest at all without a much more fluid diet than is usual among healthy persons."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Suggestions on Health.

NO. V.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Originally, when people lived naturally, or so as to secure health and vigor, life was a long period in wearing out—infants' and children's deaths! there were none to record in those days! O would that there were fewer in these days! Physicians—have we not enough of them? They are all about us, on every hand—affable, kind and sympathizing friends we find the most of them—ready and willing to tender their services by night and by day, when suffering by any or every form of disease.

Physicians do not preserve health; they only try to restore it, and their most skillful efforts often become unavailing. Shall we therefore conclude that Providence demands the most heart-rending sacrifices of the life of the young, beautiful and innocent beings he has created? Are not all created beings subject to certain immutable laws—laws which our Creator designed to perfect them in physical, moral and intellectual strength? Do individuals, families and nations place a true estimate on these laws? They are laws of God, no less than any other—and we sin when we mar the workmanship of God's hand in the human form, no less than when we break other commands: "Whosoever shall break one of the least of God's commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but, whosoever shall do and teach them, shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

People have too long lost sight of the great and important fact, that the soul and body were connected by God's power and wisdom in this world, and by this same power and wisdom so constituted, that what injured the health and strength of the

one, marred the harmony of the other. True, the light afflictions we suffer here are but for a moment; but that does not justify man in afflicting his fellow-man.

Two or three years since, Dr. Reese, of New York city, made a report to the meeting of the American Medical Association, on the subject of infantile mortality. From statistics embodied in this report, it appears that infantile mortality in American cities is eight per cent. above that of Glasgow, ten per cent. above that of Liverpool, and thirteen per cent. above that of London. In New York city, the ratio is constantly increasing; while, for the last fifty years, the deaths of infants and children under five years of age, have been forty-nine per cent. of the entire sum of mortality!

What a theme for contemplation! What a subject for earnest research on the part of every philanthropist! There is a cause for all this fearful sacrifice of human life, that might be greatly ameliorated! We must not suppose God demands such a sacrifice of the young, lovely and innocent beings now, any more than he did when he first created man on the face of the earth!

God created both man and woman subject to moral, physical and intellectual laws, and he designed that all should so act, think and live, as to promote their harmonious action in their own persons and that of their offspring. But fashion and folly have marred God's workmanship, and caused disease, premature death, and an unspeakable amount of sorrow and suffering in this world!

God does not require any human being to exclude the pure air from their dwellings, by day or by night; for all are so constituted by him, that they cannot enjoy health and strength, without breathing pure air! He requires no one to dress so tightly, that the lungs cannot expand to their full and natural proportions. This, thousands on thousands of

females do, in direct violation of God's laws! He requires no one to be so indolent, as to refuse to exercise their muscles daily, for the ministrations of their own wants, or that of others. He requires no one to drink alcoholic, fermented, or poisonous beverages. From every hill-side bubbles the pure cool water—it flows in every meandering rill—or comes pouring over the earth in gentle showers, much of which may be collected, preserved, and easily purified for future use. Water is one of God's precious earthly gifts, without which no being can long survive. But, how little prized!—How artfully commingled with other substances, and placed before the young! In the simplicity of their heart, they quaff the draught offered them, until a lasting habit is formed, of tasting the many poisonous and artfully compounded beverages!

What animal, save man, would think of quen-

ing thirst with these artfully prepared drinks? Instinct, or God's directing hand, guides the animal kingdom to water to slake thirst, the only purpose for which men and animals need drink. Who shall say how much the health and happiness of the human race might be promoted, were this beverage alone given to the young? Infancy and youth are the forming period of habits that strengthen and perpetuate, from generation to generation, and the human race are weakened and diseased by these habits—so much so, that infant vitality is too weak to struggle through its numerous unhealthful surroundings and management.

How are these things to be remedied? How may infant vitality become stronger? How may youthful bloom be promoted? How may vigor be retained? In our next, we purpose to answer some of these inquiries.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Household Music.

One evening, taking my little boy, a child of two and a half years, in my arms, to lull him to rest, as have fond mothers since the world began, I took up a book of simple nursery rhymes, that some one had left on my table, containing the words and music on opposite pages. As I listlessly turned the leaves, and carelessly hummed the music, I heard a soft sigh from my child; but, without apparently noticing him, I sang on, when dewy tears welled out from beneath his closed eyelids: but still I sang, till, nestling closer to my bosom, the little fellow half whispered, his voice broken by sobs, "Oh, mamma, *don't* sing that!" Surprised at the circumstance, I sought for the cause. Examining the book, I found I had been humming the well-known air by Sir J. Stevenson, the Vesper Hymn. I knew no association connected with the air that could awaken such emotion in my boy; the words were entirely common-place, and could not have been the cause; and to determine that question, many weeks after, under like circumstances, I again sang the same air to words totally different, but the same result followed—first the silent tear, then a burst of mournful weeping.

Often, when I've heard the power of music denied or ridiculed, have I thought of this incident. Tell us, ye wise utilitarians! dwells there not a potent spell in an art that can work effects like these? Tell us, ye learned metaphysicians! what subtler chords vibrate in the human heart than answer to its touch? Oh, ye mothers! sisters! prize your lovely gift, and by it weave strong bands, wreath golden chains, binding in one loving circle the dwellers at your hearth-stone.

Oh, ye parents! ye who bend daily at the altar of devotion, lose not the holy influence of this "most sweet" accompaniment; let with your morning orisons—let with your evening sacrifice, ascend the voice of praise to the Highest! "for praise is comely, and it is good to sing praises unto our God!" Yea, with the royal psalmist let us say, "I will sing praises while I have being."

Who does not feel and acknowledge the power of the human voice? In whose memory—how thickly overpiled it may be with a long life's gathered incrustations, with the thick layers of a stern life's realities—down, deep down in the heart's recesses—dwells there not the echo of a mother's lullaby—the remembrance of sweet hymns heard in earliest years? In "visions of the night," in dreams of long-gone times and scenes, they come to us like whispers of distant lutes, like the harmony of soft chords, such as one conceives the angels loved to harp.

Because the influence of music is not measurable by a mathematical scale, is not reducible to a logarithmic expression, too many deem its power a fiction of poets and dreamers; but, parents! surrounded by young, impressionable minds, reject so false an estimate, and despise not the moulding power you may exert on plastic hearts, by your tuneful praises of the "Lord of Hosts." Silently and unseen, perhaps, you shall plant a seed that, "after many days," shall prove a gentle cord to lure back to paths of peace and virtue a wayward, erring child, who, though widely straying, shall, in some silent watch, hear the still whisper of a reproving conscience, floating in, as it were, upon his soul's ear, in tones of an old, familiar melody—

"Return, oh, wanderer! return,
And seek an injured Father's face."

What a reward! what notes of rapture shall sound from the redeemed over one so reclaimed!

It needs no great skill in the science of music for this office in social worship. Sing the old airs and melodies your grandsires sang. The older, simpler, perhaps the dearer. They have the charm of associations of your early days. They are linked with sweet memories of those, perhaps, who have long sung nobler songs, long struck golden lyres. There's no melody on earth so perfect as the blending of kindred voices. Gather, then, your households, and attune their hearts and voices to sing "the song of Moses and the Lamb." What medium more fitting by which to celebrate the praises of a Saviour such as ours—to extol a love so ineffable as His? Daily let our voices "beat the heavenward flame," preparing us to join the seraph-choir, if at last we be permitted to

"Soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes that are divine."

The Early Called.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

Let no sorrowing tear be shed
Mourn not for the youthful dead.
God has taken her to rest,
Early called, and early blest.

Free, forever free from pain
Walks she now the Heavenly plain,
Walks she with the angel throng,
Chants with them the angelic song.

Sorrow may not cloud her brow,
Angel crown it weareth now,
Ne'er shall fade that face so fair
In that clime of beauty rare.

Bright one! it is well with thee!
Thou thy Saviour's face dost see!
On the Saviour's loving breast
Now our little lamb doth rest.

Here thy laughing face we miss,
Miss thy smile, thy loving kiss,
Yet our hearts must own it best,
God hath taken thee to rest.

Father, from thy home on high,
Guide, and fit us for the sky;
Fit us for thy home so fair,
Till we meet our lost one there.

How to make Boys love Home.

"I wish those boys loved to stay at home in the evening," said a mother in my hearing, last night; and the sigh and look of distress which accompanied her words told plainly that her heart was deeply pained by their oft-repeated absence, and she watched their retreating footsteps with a troubled

countenance, and knew not what might be the company they sought, nor what evil influence might be thrown around them.

They were industrious boys of sixteen and eighteen, just beginning to fancy they were too large and too old to be longer subject to parental authority. They were not vicious or idle, but worked with a willing hand through the day, doing the work of men; but when evening came they sought pleasure abroad, unmindful of a father's advice or a mother's entreaty. I glanced around their home, a comfortable, farmer-like dwelling, where all the wants of the physical nature were well supplied, but, as is too often the case, the food for the mind was less abundant. A few school books, which the boys had never learned to love, a Bible, and a hymn book, constituted the family library; and I was not surprised that they should leave the circle at home, and seek the cheerful throng that were lounging in the store, or join in the vulgar mirth and profane jests that went round the boisterous group.

"You are seeing your happiest days with your boy," said the mother to me, as my baby clung to my arm with the sweet confidence of infancy; "you know where he is, and have no anxiety for him now; but when he is older he will be beyond your influence, and go you know not where."

I thought of the old proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" and I shook my head doubtfully, and said nothing. But I asked myself, is it really true, as I have often heard it remarked, that parents enjoy more pleasure in the society of their children in infancy, than in youth and maturity? If so, surely there is a reason, and that reason too often the result of parental mistakes in the early discipline of their children. We watch with delight the first dawning of intellect, await with impatience the first indistinct effort to talk, and are pleased with their infantile prattle, and it seems strange that the pleasures of social intercourse should diminish with their growing intelligence.

But we cannot expect children to be like ourselves—steady, old, and care-worn. Fun and frolic are essential to their happiness, and it is no injury to any one to join heartily in these sports. If we enter into their sports in childhood, and take the lead of their pleasures in youth, we shall keep our own hearts young and joyous, make home the centre of attractions, and while doing much to educate their mental faculties, we shall find a far greater satisfaction in their society than we can possibly find in the artless trust of infancy.

A few dollars judiciously expended in books and engravings suitable for young children, will do much to awaken a love of home; and I venture to assert, there is nothing which will have a stronger influence in keeping "those boys" quietly at home, than to cultivate a taste for reading. Begin early. Read to them before they can read for themselves; explain what you read, and encourage them to con-

verse with you about it. Teach them to observe the common phenomena of nature, and to study into the causes which produce the effects they see. A mother may do this herself without being a philosopher. She may awaken their curiosity upon the various objects around them, and direct them where this curiosity may be gratified, place within their reach useful and instructive books, and show by example as well as by precept that she appreciates them, and the pleasures of home will be purer and sweeter to every member of the family, and the children will seldom have occasion to seek evening amusement away from the charmed circle of home. It has been truthfully said, "a good book is the best of company;" and the earlier we introduce our children into the society of good books, the greater will be the benefit derived from them, and the stronger will be their attachment to the social circle around the evening fire, and there will be less danger of their seeking diversion in the society of the idle and vicious. But if we neglect to make home happy, and to furnish entertainment for the intellect, be assured that the restless desire of the human mind for "some new thing," will frequently attract "those boys," and girls, too, away from home in search of amusement.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

DRESS FOR AN EVENING PARTY.

Robe of pink gaze de Chambéry, with five goffered flounces, which are placed round the dress in such a manner as that the ends of three of them are brought up on one side of the skirt, where they terminate gradually, as shown in our illustration. These three pieces of flouncing finish with a large simple bow without ends. The corsage is round, with a plaited front, the sleeves (of tulle) having three rows of narrow goffering descending from the base of the shoulder. To the back of the waist is attached a bow, from which depend two streamers of silk ribbon of the same color as the dress. The head-dress consists of a garland composed of tufts of flowers of different hues, the back hair being fastened by a gilt band.

ZOUAVE JACKET.

The engraving gives the details of this garment, which has become quite a favorite. It is especially suited to persons of a slender figure. The trimming of the one we give is composed of heavy braidings on the outside, and is suited particularly for persons who desire effect. A plainer style of trimming is, we think, more appropriate.

GENERAL REMARKS.

One of our fashionable ladies wore a peculiar style of head-dress at the opera, which attracted attention. The crown was composed of blond, and a point of black lace fixed in the centre behind by a medallion of black velvet and gold, dropped very low at the back of the head. A bandeau of black and gold was furnished on one side with a bouquet of roses of a deep red, and on the opposite side by a bouquet of yellow roses variegated with tints of brown and red. The dress worn by another of our leaders of fashion was composed of white tulle with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with ruches of

bouillonné, and the upper one looped up on one side, and trimmed with a deep flounce of black lace. One dress, which was particularly admired for its simplicity, was made of white silk, and trimmed with seven flounces about four or five inches broad, and edged with groselle-colored silk.

Dresses continue to be made long and full; there is said to be a tendency to have the skirts rather less voluminous, but we certainly have not yet seen any signs of such a change. Flounces are still a favorite trimming, and it is very stylish to put them on ladder fashion, both in front and behind. This style of ornament is highly approved. Fancy silk and gimp trimmings are most extensively employed for dresses and outer garments. Some are extremely rich, and some rather expensive, owing to the profusion with which they are employed. We may especially notice a silk fringe, with jet beads cut in faucets, which is much admired for the front of skirts, and is always accompanied by jockeys to match, for the top of the sleeves. Other trimmings consist of rich fretwork and embroideries, on which are buttons of a color that contrasts with the silk; macaroon buttons set in black guipure, large velvet buttons; tresses, torsades, olives, and buttons surrounded with fur. This last is a very charming innovation. The trimmings that come next in favor are plaitings, ruches, or flat bands cut on the bias, either of plain velvet or silk; and all these different articles are placed as taste, and sometimes as mere caprice dictates. Bodies are still made high for walking and morning calls; for evening toilet low, with short, full sleeves.

Bertha and fichus, with long ends, are still worn, and are likely to be, for they are most becoming ornaments.

As for sleeves, they are extremely various; but the plain ones, and those with puffs, are only admissible for half dress.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS. By Rose Terry. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The author of "The Trailing Arbutus," has given us a volume of genuine poetry: We have room for only a single extract, but shall go to the book's rich treasures again, and draw therefrom for our readers:

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;

Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing:

Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life, as the Summer shower's pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?

Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary;
Though from its pulses a faint misereere

Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;

Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed carresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,

Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing,
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?

Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover,
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?

Give, as the heart gives, whose fountains are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,

Thou shalt know God and the gift that he gave.

AMERICAN HISTORY. By Abbott. Illustrated with numerous maps and engravings. Vol. III. The Southern Colonies. New York: Sheldon & Company.

This volume narrates in a clear, simple and intelligible manner, the leading events connected with the original settlements of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. We need not repeat, what we have so often said, in favor of Mr. Abbott's books. They are always interesting and always instructive.

VOL. XVII.—10

FAITHFUL FOREVER. By Coventry Patmore, Author of "The Angel in the House." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This poem comes as a sequel to "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals," and relates how Frederick Graham, after his deep love disappointment, is married to one of inferior mental endowments, yet true and good and dutiful in her sphere of life. The indicating motto on the title-page, from Tennyson, is

"Of love, that never found its earthly close,
What sequel?"

And the poet's answer is found near the last page, in the wife's letter to her mother-in-law, in which, referring to her husband, she repeats this sentence:

"And then, as if he spoke aloud
To some one sitting on a cloud,
'All I am sure of heaven is this,
How'er the mode, I shall not miss
One true delight which I have known.
Not on the changeable earth alone,
Shall loyalty remain unmoved,
Toward everything I ever loved;
So Heaven's voice calls, like Rachel's voice,
To Jacob in the field, "Rejoice!
Serve on some seven more sordid years,
Too short for weariness or tears;
Serve on: then, O Beloved, well-tried,
Take me forever for thy bride."
You see, though Frederick sometimes shocks
Our old ideas, he's orthodox.
Was it not kind to talk to me
So really confidentially?"

Truly kind, patient Leah! to talk thus to you of a longed-for union with his Rachel.

The poem is full of exquisite passages, blended with others of such homely and prose-like simplicity, that you are often half in wonder, at seeing them side by side.

A RHYMING DICTIONARY: Answering, at the same time, the purpose of Spelling and Pronouncing the English Language; to which is added an Index of Allowable Rhymes, with Authorities for their Usage from our best Poets. By J. Walker, Author of the Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. Abridged from the fourth London edition. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

In other Dictionaries, words follow each other in alphabetical order, according to the letters they begin with,—but, in this, they follow each other, according to the letters they end with; so that, by consulting its pages, verse writers are furnished with rhyming words, and thus their work is rendered easier, than when only their mental store of words is drawn upon.

TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE UPPER AND LOWER AMOOR AND THE RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS IN THE CONFINES OF INDIA AND CHINA: With Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis, and the Manjours, Manyargs, Tougous, Toubemts, Goldi, and Gelyaks—the Hunting and Pastoral Tribes. By Thomas William Atkinson, Author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." With a Map and numerous Illustrations. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

No one who has read Mr. Atkinson's *Travels in Oriental and Western Siberia*, will need to be more than advised of the publication of this volume, which introduces us into a vast region, and among people almost as new to us, as if inhabitants of a neighboring planet. Mr. Atkinson, in his volume on Siberia, gave little more than a narrative of his journeyings from day to day; but, in the present work, he has produced information of a character to satisfy, in some respects, the geologist, botanist, ethnologist, and other scientific scholars, who expect to find in any account of a new country materials likely to extend the circle of their favorite study, or strengthen the truths on which it is founded. The narrative of incidents is especially interesting. Portions of the book read like a romance.

THE HEROES OF EUROPE: A Biographical Outline of European History, from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700. By Henry G. Hewlett. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

Omitting Englishmen, the book being intended as a companion to Edgar's "Heroes of England," the author has sought to give a biographical outline of European history, from the eighth to eighteenth century: "With this aim, he has been influenced in his selection of heroes, less by a consideration of their personal eminence, than of their representative value. Particular epochs, movements and episodes, have thus been illustrated in a single sketch, and threads of connexion preserved throughout the series." Among the characters introduced in this excellent volume, are Charlemagne, Hildebrand, the Cid, Frederick Barbarossa, St. Louis, the Van Artevelde, Chevalier Bayard, Martin Luther, Ignatius Loyola, William the First of Orange, Wallenstein, Condé the Great, and others, to the number of twenty-seven.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

The subjects treated of in this new volume by Emerson, are: Fate, Power, Wealth, Culture, Behaviour, Worship, Considerations by the Way, Beauty, and Illusions. They are discussed in the author's unique, sharp, sententious manner, with which all who have heard him lecture, or read his books, are familiar; and this is all we are prepared at this writing to say of his latest publication. It takes a mind at leisure, and in a free state of thinking, to enjoy Emerson. Almost every sentence meets you with a new truth, or an old one clothed in garments of such novel style, that you must take off the dress, or re-arrange it, before you recognize a familiar friend. This is slow work, and the mind is apt to grow weary. Emerson writes for the few.

HYMNS OF THE AGES. Second Series. Being Selections from Withier, Crashaw, Southwell, Habington, and others. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

The compilers of this choice volume of religious and devotional poetry, say in their preface: "The favor with which the first series of Hymns of the Ages was received, has led us to prepare a second, including, with hymns of a like character, many others which the plan of that forced us unwillingly to reject. For the previous volume, we sought such utterances as in their gentle mysticism embodied a religious sentiment, fitted to console and soothe, to bind up broken reeds: in the present, our purpose being rather to strengthen the reeds, that they may not break, and haply bend them into use,—we have given with less sentiment, more religious thought."

The volume, which is on tinted paper, shows great elegance of typography, and embodies some of the finest devotional pieces in the language.

THE PERCY FAMILY. THE BALTIC TO VERDVIE. By Daniel C. Eddy. Boston: *Andrew F. Graves*.

Young people, and their parents also, will find in the travels of the Percy Family through Europe, a great deal of useful and interesting information about places, and the manners and customs of the people. The present volume gives glimpses of things in some of the cities of Germany and Italy. The next, and concluding volume of the series, will be entitled "Over the Alps and down the Rhine."

OUR YEAR: A Child's Book in Prose and Verse. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated by Clarence Dobell. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

A pleasant history of the home employments and pleasures of an English family, during the twelve months of a year, interspersed with story-poems attractive to the little ones.

DRIFT WOOD ON THE SEA OF LIFE. By Willie Ware. Philadelphia: *James Challen & Son*.

A volume of pleasant prose sketches and poems, from the pen of a favored contributor to many of our newspapers and periodicals. It is, as the author's first book, lovingly dedicated to his mother.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. Part First. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

The first part, making three hundred pages of this attractive serial, has been published in a handsome volume.

THE OAKLAND STORIES. CLAIRBORNE. By Geo. B. Taylor, of Virginia. New York: *Sheldon & Company*.

The third volume in the attractive "Oakland" series. "Gustave," the fourth volume, is in press, and will soon appear.

WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY. By Alice B. Haven, (Cousin Alice.) New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

There is no better or more interesting writer for children than Mrs. Haven; and this is one of the best juveniles of the season.

Other notices, prepared for this number, and a list of new publications, crowded out for want of room.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"IF."

"If I could only live my life over again," said the old man, as he plunged his hands into his deep coat pockets, and looked up at the office ceiling with a sigh; "it should be a very different life from what it has been. I wouldn't give all the joy of my youth, all the strength of my manhood, to getting rich—catch me! I'd have some good out of life, and do some, too, instead of toiling early and late, and taxing my brain, and wearing my nerves over railroad dividends, and bank stock, over investments in lead and coal mines, over real estate that is to come down here and go up there—no, it isn't the three score years that are on my head which has bleached my hair, and wrinkled my forehead so; it's the wear and tear of watching the market, and forestalling changes, and looking out for the right moment to come down with a bargain. I overheard one man say to another, as I got into the omnibus last night—'There goes old Grainger—good for a million and a half—lucky dog!' and I said to myself, 'Are you a lucky dog, Tom Grainger? No! Of all men you're the most unlucky one. You've paid down your youth, your manhood, your health, your peace of mind, every faculty God gave you to live, and to enjoy—you've paid it all down for this million and a half of dollars, and it's a poor bargain, after all!'"

"It don't do any good to fume and fret now; but if I could live my life over again, I'd never stand where I do this day; I'd lay up some better treasures for my old age than a million and a half of money. I'd lay up treasures of blessed memories—of some good done to others—of human hearts made happier—of human souls comforted and rejoiced because of me! If I could only live my life over again!" and the old man settled back farther in his chair, and groaned heavily as he looked back over the years of his past—barren, and cold, and unclothed, as they rose up before him.

And yet, he clutched his million and a half, and carried it with him to the last hour of his life. He didn't rise up that day and go out, and find the widow and the fatherless, and gladden their hearts with a part of the wealth which he did not need. It was not too late then to set about doing good. In the ten years more of life which God had appointed him, he might have scattered blessings, many and bountiful as summer showers; and the cold and barren day might have been crowned with a sunset so radiant and glorious that it would have half redeemed the faded morning—the wasted noon!

But the old passion and the old habits held him in iron bondage still, and the rich old man went down to his grave with his aimless, unfruitful, querulous "if."

"If I'd never begun this sort of life I'd never live it for a day," murmurs the fashionable wife and mother, as she walks up and down her elegant

parlors, swinging the tassels of her morning robe betwixt her jewelled fingers; and the weary, dissatisfied expression of her face tells its own story of the tired, restless heart beneath it. "I know well enough it's a miserable, wasted life we're all leading—that this dressing and going to parties, and giving them—that this constant striving to be 'stylish,' and keep up one's position, is a foolish and sinful thing. I'm sick and ashamed of it. It's ruining our children. It will make spendthrifts of our boys, and silly, fashionable dolls of our girls. If we had never begun this foolish plan of keeping up with our neighbors, or if I could only go back ten years of my life! But there's no way of getting out of it now. All our acquaintances would stare at us, and laugh at us, and the children would be perfectly miserable; and the only way to effect any change is to go off and bury ourselves in the country, away from all the influences and stimulants of our present life; and that can't be thought of. I wish I knew what to do, or where to turn."

"If I had only commenced differently!"

And so the wife and mother rung her changes, and the children committed to her, for good or for evil, went on in the ways of folly and vanity, for good impulses never bring forth good fruits, unless they *harden into fixed principles of action*; and what rudder to a human soul adrift on the wild and stormy waters of life, is an aimless and purposeless *if*?

"If," says the young man full of dreams and of ardor, "I could only have some grand, heroic career! If I could only do something to benefit my race, and send my name shining down the future ages, great and honorable, a benefactor to humanity—a blessing to my age! If I could only see a glorious future before me!"

And alas! the youth does not look upon that sweet and tender Face which shines down to us across the slumbering centuries; that Face, which, though it came on earth to be the one Hope and Healer of our humanity, sought no high and honorable station amongst men, but won its crown of thorns, and was lifted up only upon Calvary.

"If I only had something to do," says the young girl in the first blossoming years of her womanhood, "I should love to crown my life with all which poets and good men say is sweet, and noble, and tender in woman; but dear me—there is nothing I can find here, and now in my quiet home, and my everyday life, to do for good, or for blessing to others!"

And in the shelter of that young girl's "quiet home" were father and mother, brothers and sisters, upon whose hearts her loving deeds would fall, as the summer sunshine falls upon the earth, welcoming the birds, calling to the flowers.

All around her were souls who needed hourly her counsels and ministrations of tenderness, and yet

she turned away from the sublime, though lowly duties of the present, and whispered to the future her plaintive, dissatisfied "if."

Ah, reader, these "ifs" never accomplish anything! Weak mourning over the past, plaintive regrets for its lost opportunities and wasted hours, never make one better.

And remember, the only way in which you can prove to God the sincerity of your regrets for the past, is to improve the present.

No matter how late it is, nor what you have lost! So long as an hour of life remains to you, so long you have something to do! Turn steadfastly to the work that lies at hand, no matter how small it may seem! If you do it in the right spirit it is grand, noble, glorious, and it shall be the loom weaving its wedding garment for your soul, in the day when it shall go in to the marriage supper of the Lord.

V. F. T.

MARRIAGES IN HEAVEN.

Coventry Patmore, in his last poem, "Faithful Forever," has this reference to the words of Christ, touching marriages in heaven:

"The Sadducees
Inquired not of true marriages,
When they provoked that dark reply,
Which now costs love so many a sigh.
In vain would Christ have taught such clods,
That Caesar's things are also God's!"

"FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY."

In sentiment, composition and detail, this picture is one of more than usual merit, and appeals to our best sympathies. Its teaching is beautiful. Adversity cannot take from the heart its treasures of love, nor rob it of blessing, if we look higher than the world's thought, the world's dearly bought smiles, and the world's grudging favors. It is not in the power of sickness or poverty to make us unhappy, if there be unselfish love in our hearts. External luxuries may be taken away, but, if the soul be in right adjustment with itself, it will rise above the clouds of circumstance, and spread its wings in eternal sunshine.

"CHILDREN READING THE BIBLE."

We give an illustration, charmingly engraved, entitled as above, which, as a subject and a work of art, will commend itself to all. The attitudes of the children are natural and full of grace, while their countenances express earnest and tender reverence. In drawing, expression and execution, the picture is one of rare merit.

"The American Dollar Monthly"—late Emerson Bennett's Dollar Monthly, opens the new year with many attractions. The work is now under the exclusive editorial conduct of John L. Hamelin, Esq., a gentleman of fine talents, who will give his best efforts to its pages. Mr. Bennett, in consequence of other literary and business engagements, has retired from the proprietorship. Address Jno. L. Hamelin, Philadelphia.

In ordering premiums, don't forget the three red stamps for cost of mailing, and pre-payment of postage on each engraving.

Either of the premium engravings will be sent to subscribers of Home Magazine, on receipt of fifty cents, and three red stamps for mailing.

One of our correspondents sends the following warm tribute to the "Home," which a touch of modesty kept back from our January number. Through a trifling change in our editorial state of mind, it passes to the reader.

INSCRIBED TO THE "HOME MAGAZINE" OF 1861.

BY MRS. A. C. B. ALLARD.

The mission of thy year is done;
Far in the South, the winter sun
Proclaims another thread is spun,

Of that long web, since first our sphere
Measured duration by the year,
Until the day which now is here.

As the pearl moon doth softly lie
Upon the starry scroll on high,
Until her brilliance floods the sky:—

The Luna of our mental skies,
Upon the spirit thou dost rise,
Silvering ev'ry cloud which lies,

Darkly o'er thought's expansive blue,
And whispers of the Right and True—
So the heart's currents struggle through.

Thou art not like a friend, who knows
The banners of an army close,
Urging his comrades to repose,

And filling up the hours with wine
And music, while the flashing line
Proclaims Death's fearful countersign.

But thou the warning trump dost sound,
To flee from Wrong's enchanted ground,
Ere yet we hand and foot are bound:

And buckle on an armor bright,
And go forth with a banner white,
To battle for the True, the Right:

To conquer vices which we meet
At ev'ry corner of the street,
Like poison adders round the feet:

To sublimate and raise the mind
Into thought regions more refined,
Allying angels to mankind.

Gentle "Home" genius, in the year,
Which now is lying on its bier—
Thousands have found thy pages dear,

And gone forth stronger to the strife—
The daily battle-ground of life—
For the sweet words with which thou'rt rife.

Fair "Home," Evangel! noble, high,
Thine unassuming destiny,—
To elevate and purify:

To scatter seed, which shall appear
In fragrant blossoms year by year,
Uplifting to a higher sphere.

Thus shall thy labors be not vain;
Like memory of a sweet refrain,
Within the mind they shall remain.

McCONNELLSVILLE, OHIO.

MARCH,

1861.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR & VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND



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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

This excellent monthly—whose circulation, we are pleased to learn, is steadily on the increase—is strictly what its name imports, a *Home Magazine*. It aims not to be very learned or very profound, but to furnish such simple, agreeable, and wholesome mental nutriment as every judicious parent should desire to provide for his family. It has a corps of writers, if not the most brilliant and scholarly, certainly among the most sensible, chaste, high-minded and pure in our country. Its articles, never long, and always sprightly, uniformly aim to present some pleasing picture of domestic or social life, to inculcate some useful moral lesson. Beside a rich variety of literary matter, each number contains a "Mother's Department," a "Health Department," and a "Boy's and Girl's Department," along with "Hints to Housekeepers," and "Toilette and Work Table." As a Magazine for the home circle, therefore, this stands unrivalled. And its sweet, cheerful, genial spirit, united with an elevated and pure morality, cannot fail to render it an agreeable and instructive visitor in every family whose doors are open to its reception.—*Knickerbocker* for February.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for January, 1861, is a number of more than usual interest. We are gratified to learn that this charming monthly, which fulfils so admirably the high requisites of a home magazine, is rapidly increasing in circulation. This augurs well for the improving taste and increasing good sense of those who are blessed with families. However it may lack the learning, depth, and scholarly finish of some of our larger monthlies, it is inferior to none of them in freshness, variety, or vivacity; and for pure and lofty morality, refinement and delicacy of feeling, practical good sense, and a sweet, genial Christian spirit, it is not extravagant to say that it is superior to them all. It cannot fail to exert a healthy influence over the families that are blessed with its monthly visits.—*New York Evening Post*.

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ENGRAVED BY A. B. WALTER.

IMPATIENCE.

FOR ARTHUR'S HOUSEHOLD.



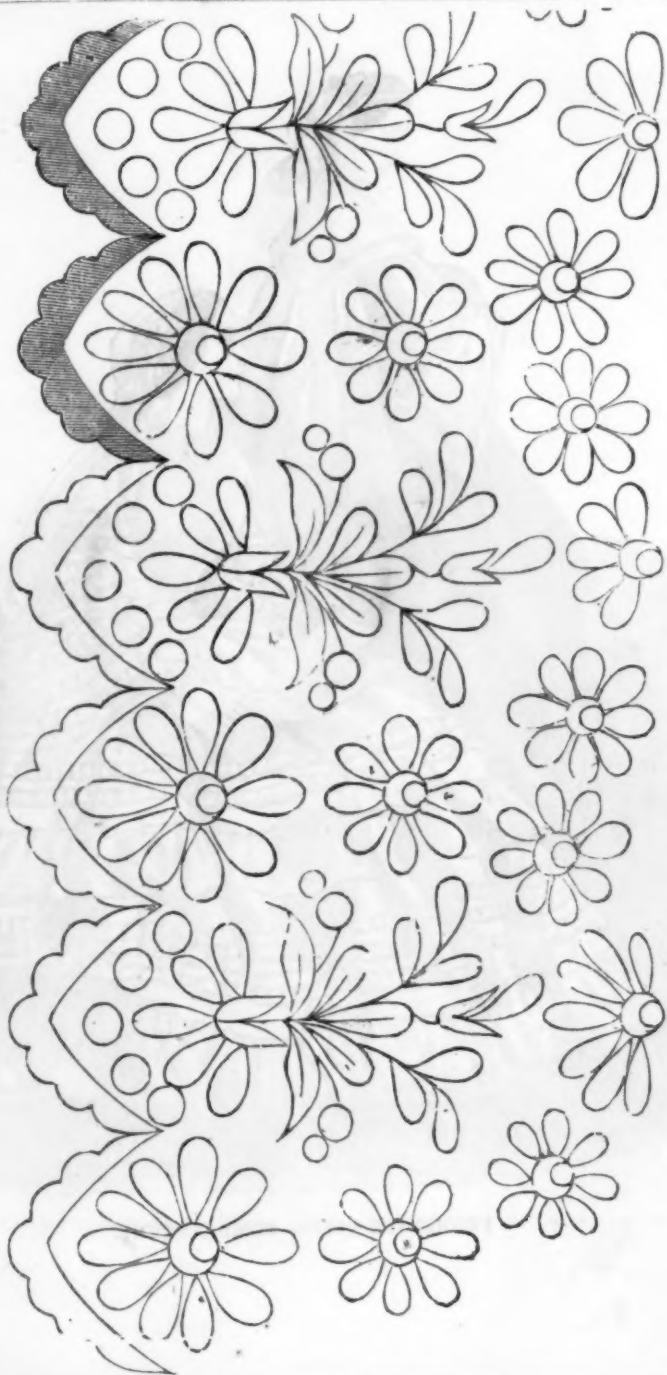
RAISING A BEARD.



WILLIAM J. WILSON

1851-1852

PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.





PROMENADE DRESS—HOME COSTUME.

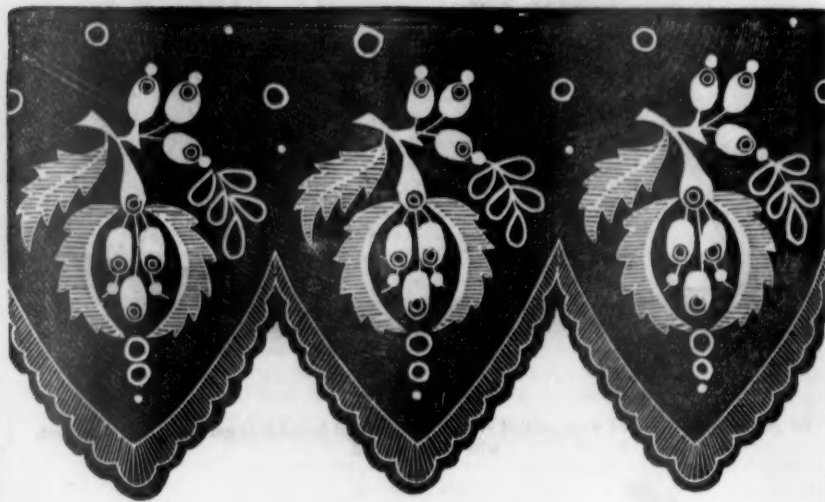


DINNER DRESS,

Of green silk, trimmed with quilled ribbon. The front breadth is gored; sleeve cut loose, with gauntlet cuff.



CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.